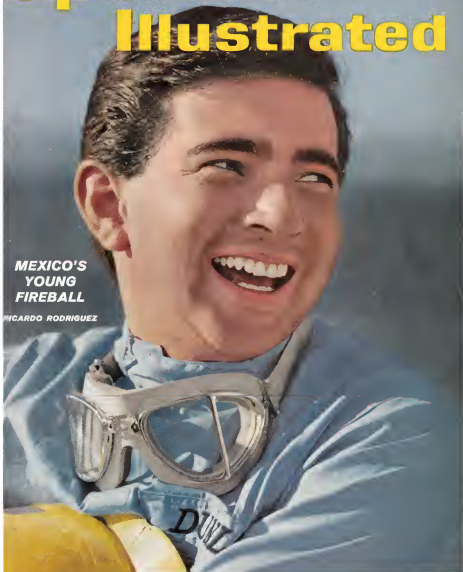


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 26, 1954 35 CENTS

**MEXICO'S
YOUNG
FIREBALL**

RICARDO RODRIGUEZ





©1970 Corlon. Palatial and Corlon are registered trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co.

How Palatial Corlon floors started the Gold Rush of 1962. It's a gay, romantic tale, with a halcyon ending. The designer went prospecting for gold—and found vinyl. Metallic-sparkling chips of it. With these he created Palatial Corlon and earned the admiring kiss which is being bestowed above. All of which made good decorating a great deal easier for the rest of us. Discover Palatial for yourself. Rush down and inspect it at your flooring dealer's. It comes in a number of elegant colors. Take your pick. ■ Palatial Corlon costs about \$195 installed in a 12' x 15' area. Send for a free booklet of color schemes specially planned to help you decorate with this sparkling new vinyl floor. Write Armstrong, 6203 Weston Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 32-S, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q. ■ Palatial Corlon is one of the famous

Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that go to our friends in the advertising business.

March 26, 1962

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

"There is nothing good to be had in the country, or if there is, they will not let you have it."

Thus the words of city slicker William Hazlitt more than one hundred years ago.

And Dr. Sam Johnson once thundered, "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life!"

But things ain't that way any more, it seems. People like the country now—and especially those who have to work in the city. In fact, many of today's more attractive "status symbols" seem to be linked with the country and the active life you can live there—the suburban home, the golf course, the sailboat, the tennis court, the beach, the ski-tow—and the country club.

As Robert H. Boyle of our staff pointed out in his recent series on country clubs (*The Ways of Life at the Country Club*, *SI* February 26, 1962, p. 51 and March 5, 1962, p. 69), there are now 3,300 country clubs of all kinds in the U. S., with a total membership of 1,700,000 fresh-air-and-good-food-lovers. Wrote Mr. Boyle:

"One of the distinctive hallmarks of our mobile, suburban society is the country club. The country club is a uniquely American institution... (and) is becoming a year-round family fun center.

"All considered, the country club... is probably the most accurate mirror of social trends in American life today. It offers the family a place to play and the businessman a place to be seen."

* * * * *

From its beginning *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has had a vested interest in country clubs. Sometimes it almost seems as if the magazine was created for the very people who created and belong to today's country clubs.

In fact, one of the methods we used in 1954 in soliciting circulation for the new magazine was to go directly to the country clubs. That spring, brightly attired in the latest fashion, our circulation department set up subscription desks at the first tees of many of the nation's most important clubs, hoping to attract as subscribers the kind of people who belong to such clubs and have the social and business stations, and the interests, that membership in such clubs implies. Attract them we did.

Again last Christmas we went to the pro shops of 450 of the better clubs of the country, and the pros themselves promoted subscriptions among their members.

The fact that 33% of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* subscriber families belong to country clubs points up our success in these ventures. Too, their ownership of the kind of equipment that goes along with country club life is phenomenal: 60% own golf clubs, 52% own tennis racquets, 68% own outdoor grills.

Random checks of leading suburban communities and their local country clubs show a great tendency among *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* subscribers to be members of those clubs and, conversely, for members of these clubs to be *SI* families.

For instance, of the 167 members of Exmoor Country Club who reside in Highland Park, Illinois, 54 are *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* subscribers. (Included among them are two past presidents, the treasurer, three of the six-man Board of Governors.) In Ridgefield, Connecticut about half of the list of 103 subscribers belong to one of the two local country clubs. In Libertyville, Illinois four out of every five country club members are *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* subscribers. Of 296 subscribers surveyed in Larchmont, New York, 59 belong to the Larchmont Yacht Club, 35 belong to the Winged Foot Golf Club, 24 belong to Bonnie Briar Country Club, 16 belong to the Larchmont Shore Club and 12 belong to the Westchester Country Club.

But our interest in country clubs and what they stand for has not been confined to the area of circulation. Much of our editorial material has concerned country clubs and the life led there. The most notable example of this is the series of articles satirizing country clubs, *Life at Happy Knoll*, which the late



J. P. Marquand wrote expressly for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. As you may recall, they were so popular that later they appeared in book form under the same title. The book, the last ever published over Mr. Marquand's name, became a best-seller. (But then, did Marquand ever *not* write a best-seller?)

Other editorial features on country clubs both went before and came after the Marquand series. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* featured articles on the building and architecture of country club golf courses; Herbert Warren Wind did a piece on country club finances; a good deal of our *Sporting Look* has reported fashions found predominantly on country club greens and country club patios. Indeed, many of the sports events we cover take place at the various country clubs about the land: tennis tournaments, curling, swimming competitions, skeet shoots, golf tournaments (natch), even beauty contests.



And of course there are our *Tips from the Top*, all written by country club pros, which so far amount to several hundred in number, and have been re-

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 16, Number 12

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time, Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue a year and Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows — Eastern, E1-E4, Special: SP1-SP4.



Photographed at Grand Bahama Hotel, beautiful resort on Grand Bahama Island.

Cotton Cay birds "watch" the Pepperell Family to learn about easy living.

The Pepperells are the most watch-able people. They're cool. They're calm. They're comfortable. They're in wash-wear cottons by Pepperell. You'll be watch-able, too, when you're in sports clothes tagged Pepperell. Here are fabrics that machine-wash...simply



won't shrink, fade or wrinkle. And, Pepperell Cottons are 'Sanforized Plus.' They scarcely need ironing—scarcely need any care at all. You may think this is the same New England company that's been making Lady Pepperell sheets for over a century. You're right. It is.

Pepperell
cottons



IMPERIAL CROWN FOUR DOOR SOUTHAMPTON

LEADING DOCTORS ACCEPT NEW IMPERIALS FOR COMPARISON TESTING

Recently we invited the nation's leading doctors to drive new Imperials as our guests.

Our dealers are continuing to deliver these cars to the doctors' personal care for a thorough comparison tour.

We have urged them to make a thorough diagnosis of Imperial's manner of handling, its performance, its over-all elegance and quality.

Almost without exception, our guests express surprise that a car of Imperial's size can handle so effortlessly. Those who own other fine cars are particularly impressed with Imperial's greater degree of comfort and over-all performance.

These are precisely the major points these tests were designed to prove.

It may be you are *not* a doctor, but would like to discover for yourself the true meaning of Imperial's hearty performance, its splendid torsion-bar balance, its effortless power-assisted steering and braking.

If you would like to enjoy a personal test of America's finest fine car . . . write on your letterhead to: General Manager, Imperial Division, 12200 East Jefferson, Detroit, Michigan.

IMPERIAL

America's Most Carefully Built Car



IMPERIAL — A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Contents

MARCH 26, 1962 Volume 16, Number 12

Cover photograph by Tony Stone

14 Anarchy on Court and Field

Officiating is under fire, and for good reason. But the men blowing the whistle are not entirely to blame

18 Floyd Yawns While Sonny Signs

Date and place remain undisclosed, but the Patterson-Little fight is now a certainty

20 A Grudge Match for the Title

Cincinnati and Ohio State, necking for battle, should meet in basketball's NCAA finals in Louisville

24 The Slip That Cost \$100,000

A penalty shot awarded to the wrong team in the right hockey game may cost Detroit its chance at the playoffs

26 Mexico Sends a Boy to Sebring

Young Ricardo Rodriguez rides for Ferrari. Kenneth Ruden weighs his chances and previews the race

32 Fast Man with a .45

The big leagues may find that in the hands of Houston's Roy Hofbein Jr. the new Colt .45 is a loaded baseball

44 The Sandpile at Whale Bay

Wading for bonefish in the blue water of a small Bermuda bay gives a man a glimpse of freedom

60 A Kookie Adventure

Anthony Carson, writer, and Jerry Cooke, photographer, lead an unusual exploration behind the Iron Curtain

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| 7 Scorecard | 73 For the Record |
| 52 Wrestling | 74 Basketball's Week |
| 54 Horse Racing | 75 19th Hole |
| 56 Boating | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue a year and second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in special and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or changed for no-index readers, E1-E4, special, SFI-SPI.

Acknowledgments on page 73

Next week

A MASTERFUL MOOD is captured in color by ARTHUR ROBERT ANDERSON, Parker as Alfred Wright and Gwyneth Brown as Arnold Palmer's chances of winning golf's biggest prize.

E. P. TAYLOR is a happy magnate who has vast holdings in beer and real estate around the world. Robert Boyle tells how Taylor reorganized and dominates horse racing in Canada.

MANLY AND MARIS and a lot of Little Leaguers have made a movie called Safe at Home. Robert Creamer saw the filming in Fort Lauderdale and reports on it with candor.

Sports Illustrated

Editor-in-Chief: Henry R. Lunt
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Lunt

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heskell
President: James A. Lusk
Editorial Director: Melvin Donovan
Assistant Director: Albert L. Ford

Managing Editor: André Lagarde
Assistant Managing Editor: Richard W. Johnson,
John Tibby

Art Director: Richard Gargel

Senior Editors: Terry Brown, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur
E. Brackley, Robert Campbell, Robert Connor,
Andrew Crockett, Roger S. Fawcett, Gerald Holland,
Morris Kagan, Percy Krasnik, Harlan H. Maltz,
Jack Olson, Coley Parris, Aronson Lee, Roy Terrell,
Walter Tupper, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Walter Bingham, Ray Cave, Lee
Fitzgibbon, William Leggett, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth
Rudman, Fred R. Smith, Les Woodcock

Staff Writers: Graham S. Brown, Barbara Radtke,
Alma Rogers, Susan Harte, Mervyn Harniss, Virginia
Kraft, Rex I. Lister, John Underwood, Roger W.
Lynn, Jo Albert Zill

Photographers: Milton Cohen, Gerald Asler, accom-
panying, George J. Boudgeon, Peter Dyck, Dorothy
Merr, Stuart Robinson, John G. Zimmerman,
contributing: Michael Adams, Phil Bels, Jerry
Coke, Mark Knappstein, Richard Meek, Marvin E.
Newman, Hy Peckin, Herb Schaffman, Art May

Writer-Reporters: Peter Honor, Joseph Patrick, Maury
Allen, Thomas Johnson, Roger Donovan, Gay Fland,
Patricia Jeffrey, John Lowrey, Arlo W. Schmitt,
George Walsh, Herman Wadsworth, Arthur M. Zach II

Reporters: Mary Snow, Duncan Barnes, Jake Cam-
mell, Eugene Franks, Mary Jane Higgins, Felicia Lee,
Rene Mary Meahan, Harold Pennington, Nancy Pace,
Furman Ryan, Merion Sharnik, Paul R. Steiner, Janet
Zach

Contributing Editors: Charles Goren (Cards), Carle-
ton Mitchell (Duck Hunt), John O'Rourke (Horse),
Jacquie Spector (Special Projects), William F. Telford
(Tennis)

Production: Gene Bloch, William Gallagher, copy
table, Beatrice Gottlieb (Chief), Betty DeMeo, Con-
stantine Sammons, Helen Taylor

Art Department: Harvey Grot, Maryann Nathan,
(Production Director), William Bernstein, Brendan P.
Mullvey, Catherine Smedley, Thomas Vandenbergh

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Editorial Assistant: Jean Lockhart, Theodore Stephany

Special Correspondents: Carl L. Earl (Basketball), accom-
panying, Florence McIlwain, Atlanta, Bob Martin, Austin
(Tennis), Jimmy Banks, Baltimore, Walter Ward,
Boston, Roger, Dan Madigan, Burlington (Hockey),
Duffy Connolly, Dan (Madden), Les Bacon, Buffalo,
Dick Anderson, Censor City (N.Y.), Guy Slinger Jr.,
Cleveland (U.S.), Wayne Kuehn, Cleveland (N.Y.),
Bob Quincey, Charlotteville (Ft.), Chris Cramer,
Chicago, William Furlong, Cleveland, Phil Harrison,
Cleveland, Charles Hagan, Columbia (Hockey),
Kenner, Leonard (N.Y.), Robert Drury, Dallas, For
Brawl, Wes Wisc, Denver, Bob Bower, Denver, Pete
Widener, Greenville (N.C.), Ben Hershner, Harris-
burg (Pa.), John P. Cowan, Houston, Jack Gallagher,
Jacksonville, Bill Karpale, Kansas City, Theodore
O'Leary, Ken (Hockey), H. E. Day, Los Angeles
(N.Y.), George King, Louisville (Ky.), Kent Hollinsworth,
Los Angeles, Jack Tolson, Louisville, Larry
Rogers, Miami, Editor, Peter, Minneapolis, E. R.
Gardner, Nashville, George Barker, Oklahoma City,
Bob DeHogier, Omaha, Robert Pappas, Philadelphia,
Loren Martin, Phoenix (N.Y.), Arthur Danner, Phila-
delphia, Editor, Baughier, Portland (Ore.), John White,
San Jose City, Rays Green, San Antonio, John James,
San Francisco, Art Rosenbaum, Seattle, Ernest
Wason, South Bend (Ind.), Joe Doyle, St. Louis, Bob
Marvin, St. Petersburg (Fla.), Gordon Marton,
Savannah (N.Y.), William Clark, Tallahassee (Fla.),
Bill McGinnis, Waco (Texas), Dave Carrelli,
Washington D.C., Marie Zed, Winston-Salem (N.C.),
Max Mallard

Canada: Calgary, Bill Gold, Montreal, Arthur Segal,
Ottawa, George Bonnell, Toronto, Rex Macdonald,
Vancouver, Eric Woodhead

Foreign Bazaar: Tokyo, Richard M. Charnin, Tokyo,
John Doyle, London, Paris, Ross, Rome, Moscow,
Johns Hopkins, Beirut, New Delhi, Hong Kong, Tokyo,
Sofia, Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires

Publisher: Sidney L. James
Advertising Director: L. L. Callaway Jr.
General Manager: Raymond R. Aronstam Jr.



the adventure



the commuter \$9.95



the caravelle \$11.95

This is the hat that started it
all—turned men to thinking of
lightweight felts with the
first breath of Spring

No wonder. It's so easy on the
head. Handles with no care at
all, with its pre-shaped,
pinch-front crown. In twenty
shades, with matching band
and grosgrain edge, choice of
brim widths. For other
lightweights that will add a
fillip to your new season,
see the feather-touched
COMMUTER and luxurious
CARAVELLE, both master-
pieces of the hatter's art.
Other Lee styles, \$9.95—\$25.

SEE THE NEW
STYLES FIRST
IN LEE

THE LEE HAT CO., CHICAGO, ILL. 60601

MEMO TO ALL ADVERTISING PEOPLE

RE: Allegheny Ludlum color page, this issue. Prepared by Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan, Pittsburgh. Shows you the results of process printing via HANSONTYPES—the solid-copper duplicates of Allegheny Ludlum's originals.

Sports Illustrated used these Hansontypes for molding its press plates.

Solid-copper Hansontypes cost only about 1/2 as much as engraver-made duplicates and they're produced in only 32 working hours. We're prepared to show you a set of engraver's "progs" for Allegheny Ludlum's page so that you can fully check the faithfulness of the Hanson-type method. Like to see the "progs"? Phone or write now.

HANSON Electrotype Company

9th & Sanson Sts., Phila. 7 WA 2-5567
60 E. 42nd St., New York 17 MU 2-1722



71-PROGRESS • HANSON • PROGRESSIVE Group

One of America's Most Complete

Graphic Arts Organizations

Pittsburgh • Lancaster • Wilmington
Baltimore • Washington • Richmond • Charlotte



POINT OF FACT

A Stanley Cup playoff quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of fans and armchair experts

1. What team has won the most Stanley Cup playoffs?

• Montreal has been the Stanley Cup champion 11 times since 1918, the first year the NHL put up the cup as the symbol of the world hockey championship. Toronto has won the cup nine times, and Detroit seven. New York, Chicago and Boston have three wins apiece.

2. When the Chicago Black Hawks won the Stanley Cup last year they broke a string of five straight championships by the Montreal Canadiens (1956-60). Has any other NHL team won that many cups in a row?

• No. The next best streak is three, by the Toronto Maple Leafs (1947-49). The only other repeat winners were the Ottawa Senators (1920 and 1921), the Canadiens (1930 and 1931) and the Detroit Red Wings (1936 and 1937, 1954 and 1955).

3. When was the last time the New York Rangers and the Boston Bruins won the Stanley Cup?

• The Rangers last won the cup in 1940, and the Bruins in 1941. The Rangers have reached the Stanley Cup finals only once since 1940 (lost to Detroit in 1959, four games to three). The Bruins have appeared five times in the cup finals since their last championship (1943, 1946, 1953, 1957 and 1958).

continued

Fly...British West Indian Airways to the real Caribbean

from NEW YORK OR MIAMI to ANTIGUA, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD

With Stopovers At

JAMAICA
(Port of Spain and Montego Bay)
GRAND CAYMAN
PUERTO RICO
ST. THOMAS
ST. KITTS
GUADELOUPE
DOMINICA
MARTINIQUE
ST. LUCIA
ST. VINCENT
GRENADA
TOBAGO



Bored hop to your heart's content on the airline that knows—and serves—the Caribbean best. The accent's on fun and charm and relaxation when you vacation with BWIA in the islands where the fun comes from. Ask your travel agent or BWIA, General Sales Agents for BWIA, British West Indian Airways.

BWIA

THE AIRLINE OF THE CARIBBEAN

ADVENTURE

AT A SPECIAL PRICE for the summer season—limited reservations only. Adventure—bracketed vacations and itineraries. Budget cruise—Carnegie Hall. The adventure of a lifetime is yours for \$1000.00. 80 DAYS BEFORE (W.S. 1961) from \$100.00. Call: Wilson Wright, P.O. Box 1000, West 10, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. 514-382-1000.

WINEJAMMER CRUISES

A CAR IS A MUST IN EUROPE!

Order it here, delivery there direct from factory!

Average savings . . . \$1000!
Savings can pay your fare!
Eliminate all rental costs!

CITROËN

Write for FREE Overseas Delivery Brochure Today!



HOOVER MOTORS, INC.,
113 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

CROQUET everyone!



Be a good sport — join the millions of men, women and children who can't resist the satisfying click of mallet on ball... the thrills of spirited competition. Play croquet the quality way — with precision-crafted equipment by Skowhegan, standard of excellence for over half a century. Choose from ten terrific sets to suit your budget, family and talent.



SKOWHEGAN
PLAYDAY CROQUET

NORTH ANSON, MAINE

? *Has any team ever won the Stanley Cup playoffs without losing a game?*

• Yes. In 1952 the Red Wings won four straight from Toronto in the semifinals (Guslee Terry Sawchuk shut out the Maple Leafs in the first two games) and four straight from the Canadiens in the finals (Sawchuk shut out Montreal in the last two games, and overall allowed only five goals in the playoffs). Montreal also swept the Stanley Cup playoffs with eight straight wins over Chicago and Toronto in 1960.

? *Has any goalie besides Terry Sawchuk registered four shutouts in a Stanley Cup playoff?*

• Yes. Clint Benedict of the Montreal Maroons (1928) and Dave Kerr of the Rangers (1937) had four shutouts in nine games. In 1945 Frank McCool of Toronto had four shutouts in 13 games. Three of them were in succession against the Red Wings in the finals. Ovensill, Turk Broda of Toronto leads all goalies with 12 shutouts in 13 Stanley Cup series.

? *What player scored the most points in a Stanley Cup playoff?*

• In 1955 Gordie Howe of Detroit scored 20 points (9 goals, 11 assists) in 11 games. Three players have scored 19 points: Ted Lindsay of Detroit in 1955 (7 goals, 12 assists), Jean Beliveau of Montreal in 1956 (a record 12 goals, 7 assists in 10 games) and Fleming Mackell of Boston in 1958 (5 goals, a record 14 assists in 12 games).

? *Maurice Richard of the Canadiens holds more Stanley Cup playoff records than any other NHL player. What are some of his records?*

• Richard scored 126 points (a record 82 goals, 44 assists) in 133 playoff games (15 Stanley Cup series). He is tied with Jean Beliveau for most goals in a single playoff series (12 goals in nine games in 1944); he scored three goals or more in one game seven times; he scored 18 winning goals (6 in overtime games). In a semifinal game against Toronto in 1944 Richard scored all of the Canadiens' goals to beat the Maple Leafs 5-1.

? *What was the highest scoring line in a Stanley Cup playoff?*

• In 1955 Detroit's first line of Center Earl Reibel, Right Wing Gordie Howe and Left Wing Ted Lindsay scored 51 points in 11 games against the Maple Leafs and the Canadiens.



A FEW DROPS WILL MAKE HER WONDER

She's probably so used to your present after-shave, she doesn't know you wear one. So why not change to Remington® and make her wonder what your motive is.

Be subtle. Don't tell her you switched to Remington because it has a distinctive masculine aroma women can't resist.

And don't let on you chose Remington for its super-cooling menthol that soothes and tones your skin. Or that it's got GLR-100 to guard your

fresh-shaved face against irritation, chapping and razor rash.

Don't even hint that the nation's leading maker of electric shavers spent two years perfecting this new, blue after-shave—for any shave, blade or electric.

Should she entice you to tell, say no more than it's Remington. But under no duress make known the bottle with the big bold "R" costs only \$1.00 plus tax. Act aloof, make her wonder.



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Tempest Le Mans: snappy mover—but opulent

Know the story of the Tempest? Here it is in a nutshell. It's a cocky little dust-kicker with the sweetest handling characteristics this side of Le Mans. That's because it has a fired-up, gas-saving "4" in front, balanced by a rear transmission. (Tempest, you know, is the 4 that goes around acting like a V-8!) And get that interior! Buckets . . . full carpeting . . . special trim and hardware. Four-speed stick-shift optional at extra cost. Don't skip seeing the Tempest Le Mans or taking it out for a run. Your Pontiac dealer will start you on your way to being the most elegant sport on the block.

Pontiac Tempest 



A
MAN
YOU CAN
LEAN ON
THAT'S
KLOPMAN

Because nobody makes better raincoats than Klopman — and **GLENEAGLES** knows it, for it's fully lined Bri Raglan style raincoat, Gleneagles chooses 80% "DACRON"™ POLYESTER and 20% COTTON POPLIN. Tan olive, charcoal, black, brown or blue olive. Regulars, shorts, long, extra long. About \$37.50. Weber & Heilbroner, New York, Muse's, Atlanta, Kennedy's, Boston & New England, Dickhead's, Portland, Men & Boys Co., Indianapolis, Mazon's, Lincoln. KLOPMAN MILLS, INC. 450 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

SCORECARD

ROUGH IS NOT DIRTY

Canada may have lost more than a hockey game when its team lost to Sweden in the world hockey championships at Colorado Springs. The favored Canadians play rough hockey, something the Swedes knew full well and for which they were prepared. What the Swedes were not prepared for were tactics that go much too far beyond rough play.

Focal point of the postchampionship controversy came when Canadian wing Floyd Martin missed a goal at close range. According to Martin, his bad luck prompted Swedish defenseman Bert-Ola Norlander to snicker. Responding to the insult, Martin jammed the butt end of his stick into the Swede's belly. Norlander reacted quite normally. He dropped to the ice in agony. The result was, naturally, a brawl.

Such hockey is tolerated in the National Hockey League. Fans expect it, even look forward to it. But professional hockey must not be confused with other forms of athletics, especially amateur athletics (interestingly, the Canadian team included the "re-amateurized" ex-Black Hawk, Tod Sloan). If Canada is to compete internationally in amateur hockey its players should be trained in the etiquette of amateur sports.

Granted that a "ha-ha" at a crucial moment can be infuriating, we doubt it warrants a poke in the belly with a hockey stick. Neither do we think much of Canadian Coach Lloyd Rossell's answer to a formal complaint: "Ice hockey is for men, not boys. They [the Swedes] are pantywaists, crybabies and actors."

Good hockey players, though.

FROM FENWAY PARK

Part of the fun of baseball this summer will be listening to American League baseball announcers in Cleveland, the Twin Cities and Kansas City to see if they lapse into a Boston accent. The 1962 American League *Red Book*, final authority of the sports announcer on many aspects of the game, including pronunciation of the players' names, was prepared by Joseph W. McKenney, the

league's publicity director and a Bostonian, who, naturally, is as confused about the letter *r* as a cockney is about the letter *h*. So, in Joe McKenney's lexicon, sports announcers are advised that this is how to pronounce the following names:

Tracy Stallard (Red Sox)—STAL-ad.
Joel Edward Horlen (White Sox)—MAW-len.
Franklin Kreutzer (White Sox)—KROOT-zah.
Daniel Albin Pfister (Athletics)—FIST-ah.

THE GUILTY MEN AGAIN

Colorado Football Coach Sonny Grandelius has been fired by the state Board of Regents on allegations of "deceptive and dishonest practices" for which the Regents hold him responsible. Whenever such practices are uncovered, we are in favor of the kind of action the Regents have taken. However, as the Regents also point out, "These violations . . . began soon after [Grandelius'] arrival on campus." Grandelius came to Colorado in February 1959. The responsibility for his conduct of office, from that date, rested with the university administration. Those men—we have called other college officials "The Guilty Men" in similar circumstances—should either have kept Grandelius in line or, if the charges are true, should have fired him a long time ago.

RISE OF THE 'OT ROD

The thing in England this season is the jazzed-up family saloon, which is not to be confused with the old reliable family pub, an institution incapable of jazz. What the British are doing is hotting up the family car. At the moment some 36 British firms are in the business of converting standard cars into hot rods.

Britishers are queuing up in astonishing numbers for three main stages of conversion. For £25 (\$70), a performance increase of between 10% and 15% is guaranteed. At a bit more than twice that sum the Gran Turismo stage can be achieved, with the engine tweaked

up about 35%. Competition level is reached at a cost of £125 (\$350), which invests the Sunday driver with the kind of performance needed for club racing.

The market for these conversions is such that one big manufacturer sells a kit with which the do-it-himselfer can jolly well convert on his own. The objective is not so much a higher top speed as improved torque and more vivid acceleration. It's all done by improving the efficiency of inlet and exhaust tracts, increasing valve lift and valve opening periods, raising the compression ratio and supercharging.

What the converter gets for his pounds is an occasional glorious moment, *e.g.*, when he whips around a Rolls with a satisfying snarl. He also gets increased fuel consumption, decreased life of tires, transmission and brakes, higher insurance premiums, an invalid manufacturer's warranty immediately after conversion and a reduced resale value. But what are these minor disadvantages to a happy hot rodder?

AID FOR OLD BALDY

The alarming numerical decline of our national bird, the bald eagle, down to a



more 5,000 in the U.S., has won the sympathetic attention of President Kennedy ("... we have failed a trust if we permit the eagle to disappear") and, perhaps even more appropriately, of the Fraternal Order of Eagles.

When the National Audubon Society began costly biological research to learn the ways of the bald eagle—his range, nesting and eating habits and, most important, what ails him—it didn't have too much money for the job. Now to the fiscal rescue of the Audubons have come the fraternal Eagles, all 825,000

continued



Styling with Stamina by **FRENCH SHRINER**

These handsome new Deauville styles have the kind of looks that last. You'll like their comfort, too!

French Shruener, 443 Albany Street, Boston, Mass.

ADMIRAL

Six transistor miniature portable



The Triumph, most powerful, most sensitive shirt pocket radio of its size in the world. Full 250 milliwatts of power. 70% greater signal pulling-power.

Plays anywhere on a single nine volt battery. 3 colors. Model Y2230.

Made in America quality
at \$16⁹⁵

SCORECARD *continued*

of them, but most especially that distinguished, barren-pated segment of the club known as the Bald Eagles. Last week in Seattle, where the order's Acme Number One was founded in 1898, the Eagles Club loaded plates with smorgasbord and admitted the general, eagle-loving public at a price, proceeds to go to preservation of the totem. The Bald Eagles, a club within the club, have established themselves as a working committee to extend the fund-raising nationwide. Objective: \$50,000, which is a lot of bird seed.

It is a splendid idea and we wonder why it should not be extended to other areas. What, for instance, are the Elks doing for elks, the Moose for moose, the Lions for lions, the Owls for owls? What, indeed, did the Imperial Order of the Dragon ever do for its regrettably extinct symbol?

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Swedish national hockey team goalie Lennart Haggroth will be invited to the Boston Bruins' training camp in September. The U.S. goalie, Mike Larson, has been placed on the Bruins' negotiations list but, because he is a student at the University of Minnesota, probably won't be invited to the Boston camp.

• Army Football Coach Paul Dietzel's plans for a stepped-up recruiting program include a more representative, wide-ranging schedule that will take Army around the country. Dietzel wants more high school players to get a look at Army teams because, he believes, too many of them don't know what West Point is, let alone that they play football there.

• Raleigh's Dixie Basketball Classic, canceled this season after game-rigging scandals hit the Atlantic Coast Conference, will definitely be resumed, perhaps next season. Officials point out that the tournament itself was not responsible for basketball gambling.

LET THE TWAIN MEET

When two fighters who would make a good match avoid each other there is the NBA to pay. But when the same situation occurs in distance running no one seems to mind too much. At the Los Angeles Times indoor meet last month two of the world's fastest makers, world-record holder Peter Snell of New Zealand and Jim Beatty of the U.S., ran in different events. In a race that was

continued



Extra! New nylon truck tire costs less per day than your newspaper!

It's the Hi-Miler Ranch & Commercial—a Goodyear 3-T Nylon truck tire priced as low as \$15.95. For even an average service life, that figures out to only pennies per day—about half of what you pay for your newspaper!

This is the lowest-priced Goodyear 3-T Nylon cord truck tire ever offered—a real value! And it's one of the strongest reasons we know for your not

driving around on old, worn-out tires.

Why run the risk of flats or blowouts, of costly delays, of personal discomfort or safety?

Let your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store swap those "smoothies" for the new Hi-Miler Ranch & Commercial—the 3-T Nylon truck tire that costs less than your newspaper! Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

ANOTHER REASON WHY: MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

GOODYEAR

Hi-Miler—T.M. Use Cooper Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOLD LABEL All wool worsted—America's most wanted gabardine. \$44.75.

GALETON® TWO-PLY YARN DYED SUPERFINE COTTON. \$29.95.

SCORECARD continued

scarcely competitive, Snell set an indoor record in the 1,000-yard run and Beatty won by 75 yards an indoor track's first sub-4-minute mile. Now it seems that at the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles on May 18 we are to be treated to a program in which Beatty will drop down to the half-mile while Snell goes up to the mile.

All of this gives the impression that the boys are avoiding each other, but one must suspect that it is not so much the boys as their coaches who are responsible. Coach Arthur Lydiard, asked why he was ducking *mucho* a *mucho* competition with Beatty last month, snuffed that "Snell's program calls for no miles just now." Coach Mihaly Igloi, asked much the same question about the Coliseum meet in May, replied that "My plans for him are to run his first hard mile at Modesto on May 26."

When it is convenient, the coaches tend to argue that their athlete's training program is inviolable, not to be altered by a yard. Still, a month ago we saw Snell drop everything to run a sub-4-minute mile as a favor to hometown friends (SI, March 5), and two weeks ago Beatty ran a sub-4 mile in Chicago one night, then did a fast 1,000 yards in Milwaukee the next.

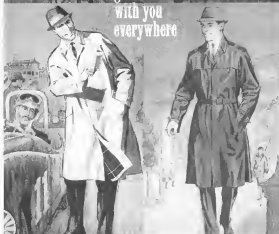
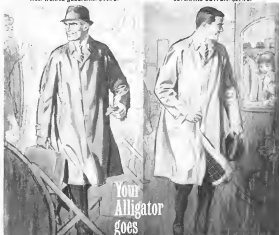
It begins to appear that Snell and Beatty will not meet until the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo. Isn't it time that Igloi and Lydiard dropped the training schedule pretense and let their runners meet in the mile, which is where each of them belongs?

LOVE WITHOUT SUFFOCATION

A gentle book called *Stories From Under the Sky* (Iowa State University Press, \$3.95) just came out, written by a gentle man named John Madson, who likes the outdoors. Likes, as compared to loves, that is. Too many people, says Madson, love the outdoors with a kind of suffocating love that is both presumptuous and boring. Madson cannot endure these people: to him Thoreau is "the Spartan Scoutmaster of Walden Pond." Thoreau's disciples he calls "suburban transcendentalists, who must rationalize a Sunday morning picnic as worship in the Great Green Church."

Madson understands the outdoors, and his credentials as a Liker are impressive. As a boy on the upper Mississippi he earned his first nickels and dimes selling wild honey and muskrat pelts. Today

continued



SAMTHUR™ Smart new styling—extra fine rotten gabardine. \$23.95

ALLIGATOR™ "725" New Dacron waterproof. Rich blue color, smart brass trim. \$18.75

For any occasion, in any weather—the coat you'll live in! Good-looking smart styles, excellent fit—all wool worsted gabardines, fancy wools, finest yarn dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns. Also blends with Eastman Kodak polyester, DuPont Dacron polyester, Courtaulds Topel cross-linked rayon. All water repellent. Fine Dacron waterproofs, too. America's most wanted coats. At better stores everywhere—\$11.95 to \$70.75.

Alligator

THE BEST NAME IN ALL WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR

The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles



"Make Mine
Martin's"

The only all extra quality Scotch
(it's on the label and in the bottle)

26 & PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. © McK & R, 1962

IF THE LAST TIME
YOU WROTE
A GOOD HAND
WAS IN MISS WILSON'S
5th GRADE—

YOU'RE THE ONE
FOR ELECTRIC
HANDWRITING



You can see Electric Handwriting is neat, personal, readable. The Smith-Corona electric portable gives you an expert's even touch. All letters are the same blackness. There are no jumbled letters, no jumpy lines, no uneven spacing.

An electric portable does things no other can. You can make ten clear carbons. You can underline a whole row of words -- like this one -- just by holding down the key. Electricity repeats the underline automatically. The same is true for dashes, dots, spaces and the letter X. Try an electric portable wherever good typewriters are sold. See the Yellow Pages.

(If Artistic Script, above, is not your type, there are many others to choose from, such as this Elite No. 66. Or this Classic Pica No. 85.)

he makes money by working five months of the year on a game preserve, the rest of the time writing. He practices both trades with skill.

Madson's book is a rumble through the willows of the Mississippi. There is a fascinating chapter on the fresh-water pearls that Mississippi clam diggers used to sell for upwards of \$1,000. There is another on a large and vicious species of river fish called, oddly, the John A. Grindie. Madson talks for one short chapter about knives—hunting knives and what a knife should be. He is an unpretentious expert on and admirer of the odd little multibreed hunting mutt called the fenn.

Finally, he is a student of that specialized form of literature found only in small outdoor-equipment catalogues, and he gives his favorite sample:

"Users of our Surescratch Watertight Matchbox include Old Woodsmen and Others. These Matchboxes have saved countless lives in the Cruel North and our president, Mr. J. L. Custard, would not set foot from his office without one. Knurled for a sure grip with frozen hands, the seamless Surescratch is made special for us by the nation's foremost maker of Watertight Matchboxes. By comparison, our competitors offer only Trash Matchboxes. \$0.98, plus freight."

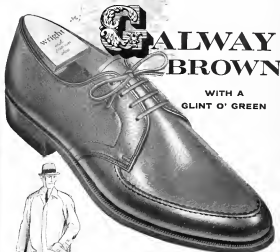
What real sportsman, asks Madson, could resist that? We feel very much the same way about his book.

THEY SAID IT

- Coe College Publicity Director Walker Rumble summing up the swimming team's first intercollegiate season: "At least nobody drowned."
- Oklahoma City University Basketball Coach Abe Lemons complaining that he had a disappointing season: "I wasn't lugged in effigy, I don't think the officials robbed me of a game and I wasn't even approached by gamblers."
- Former Notre Dame Football Coach Frank Leahy discussing Joe Kuharich's lack of success with Irish teams in recent years: "I don't think Kuharich would take advice if Rockne himself leaned down from heaven to give it."
- University of Texas Football Coach Darrell Royal when asked if the Longhorns' Cotton Bowl victory over Mississippi might provoke complacency this year: "All the boys who could be complacent are gone. Next fall's team hasn't won a game."

END

THE WONDERFUL COMFORT... AND A DISTINGUISHED NEW COLOR



WITH A
GLINT O' GREEN



This deep, rich new color is a handsomely versatile addition to your wardrobe—for town or casual wear. And at work or active leisure the Four Famous Features, exclusive in Wright Arch Preserver Shoes, provide wonderful comfort—to help keep your step lively the live-long day. Style 314 Illustrated

- 1 Famous Wright Arch Preserver Shank
- 2 Metatarsal raise—for weight distribution
- 3 Flat forepart—permits foot exercise
- 4 Heel-to-ball fitting—shoe fits to foot action

wright
arch preserver® shoes

For nearest dealer consult Classified Directory or write:
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC. ROCKLAND, MASS.

**Sports
Illustrated**

MARCH 25, 1968



LOSS OF CONTROL in games is exemplified in this shouting match between a gesticulating coach, Lee Plouffe, and a referee, Paul Sokody.

ANARCHY



ON COURT AND FIELD

TURN PAGE FOR STORY

KILL THE UMPIRE? WHY BOTHER? HE'S QUITTING

The persistent war on officiating is driving out the good men and encouraging the bad. If games are to be handled well, coaches, clubs and crowds have to mend their wayward ways

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Not long ago a football referee received from an American Marine captain an unsolicited award: a trophy-like structure capped by the calcium-white skull of a Japanese war casualty. An inscription below identified the referee as the Biggest Bonehead of the Year. A statue without arms was presented to another referee in acknowledgment of his outrageous yardage measurements. There have since been less whimsical, more cogent attempts to put officials in their place, but the unfunny fact remains that referees of football and basketball games today are being accused of worse blunders than ever before.

There is ample evidence that some officials are guilty as charged. But there is just as much evidence available that not all the fault lies with the officials. Embattled coaches, whose behavior on the bench sometimes goads tense crowds to riot; pusillanimous administrators who fail to back up the officials; constantly changing rules and rule interpretations; and, finally, a distressing decline in athletic morality—all of these things have had a part in lowering the general level of officiating. So many good men have been driven out that the games now face a growing shortage of qualified officials.

Indications of lawlessness, whether caused by poor officials or the coaches, the players or the crowds, are not hard to find. A fusillade of beer cans and whisky bottles interrupted an already chaotic basketball game between NYU and Manhattan in Madison Square Garden three weeks ago. Texas police are now investigating the possibility that officials may be rigging Southwest Conference games. Football games last fall produced some celebrated gaffes by officials. In a Dallas-Boston American League game, Dallas, trailing 28-21, came to the Boston two-yard line with time running out. Quarterback Cotton Davidson tried a pass. A spectator ran into the end zone, arms flailing at the

ball, semaphore fashion, and the pass fell incomplete. There was no call for a replay, and the game was over. In a game at Wisconsin, a long pass that put Utah in scoring position for a possible tie was called back when an ineligible receiver was detected downfield. "It ended in a 5," said the referee when Utah Captain Ed Pine challenged him to name the offending player's number. Pine's was 55, but he was flat on his back at the line of scrimmage, the only other player wearing a number ending in 5 was a fullback—and a most eligible receiver.

The Notre Dame-Syracuse result was and is still controversial because of an official who mistakenly—as it turned out—awarded Notre Dame a chance for a postgame field goal.

These incidents are only a few of many that could be cited to mark a distressing trend: the public loss of faith in officiating and a major break in relations between coaches and officials. Both groups recognize the crisis, but they seem as blind to its real nature as men describing the elephant they have explored only by fingertip.

It may be helpful to examine the charges the coaches and officials make against each other. First, the coaches' case:

1) Officials are too old and too fat, and they are guessing on plays they can no longer keep up with. ("One was so overweight he couldn't run in our game at West Virginia," said Villanova's Jack Kraft after a basketball loss. "I've been an official myself. I know incompetence when I see it.")

2) Officials are "homers," i.e., less likely to bear witness against the sins of the home team. ("The home court advantage this season means more than ever in my 10 years of coaching," said John Benington of St. Louis University.)

3) Officials are either picky and whistle-prone or they are lax and allow anything short of the use of firearms. They seem to have no uniform standard. Only 15 fouls were called in the St. Louis-

Ohio State game, which was especially rough ("I know damn well there were more than that," said OSU's Fred Taylor, exasperated); nine days later, 60 were called in the St. Louis-Notre Dame game. ("I don't think we could play the game that much differently," said St. Louis' John Benington.)

4) Officials tend to tighten up on crucial plays. (A Baltimore writer once questioned a National Football League official who stepped off a six-yard penalty. "He admitted he did it," said the writer, "knew he did it and couldn't explain why he didn't correct himself.")

The officials have their answers to criticism. Among them:

1) Coaches denounce officials only to cover up their own lack of success.

2) Officials' mistakes, though human and predictable, are exploited and caricatured in the press.

3) The games have changed—there is a bitter trend toward deliberate viciousness. It is, by this new code, a crime to foul only if you are caught. Officials alone cannot cope with this.

4) Spectators have become intolerant—and intolerable.

5) The "blackball" allows college coaches to act as judge and jury on officials. It is an intimidation that hovers over their jobs.

6) The pay isn't worth the abuse and anguish created by points 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5.

How does it happen that the imminent anarchy that lies behind these accusations does not also threaten major league baseball? The answer to that question may provide the beginning of answers to some of the problems besetting college football and both amateur and professional basketball. Many years ago the authorities in major league baseball gave their umpires stature, authority and isolation. With the blessings of the people who hire them, these umpires will, for the sake of order, toss from a game the unruly \$75,000-a-year man as quickly as they will the lowest-priced troublemaker. The spirit is remarkably

amateur, but the effect is professional. Refusing to pander to the blood thirsts of crowds, the big leagues have managed to maintain discipline and to make fine money in the process.

The gravity of the criticism directed against them appalls many officials of the sports that are in trouble—and it should. "I'm worried," said Philadelphia's Len Toff. "To create an uproar over officiating reflects on the integrity of the game." Lou Bender, in a letter to Eastern College Athletic Conference Commissioner Asa Bushnell demanding censure of NYU's Coach Lou Rossini, complained: "I am a respected high school coach, teacher and experienced official. Some of the things Rossini said made me sound like a hood."

The cumulative effect of the coaches' oral broadsides is hardly surprising. A veteran of the Southeastern Conference and it has become almost impossible to get intelligent, educated men—young men who can run and who have competitive backgrounds—into collegiate officiating in the South. Although the NBA's Sid Borgia claims an official is paid to take abuse, "and the man who can't take it ought to get the hell out," several SEC officials got out last year because of attacks in newspapers. "I love the game," said one, "but I am not going to be slandered by a coach who needs an alibi."

The coaches' postgame remarks are only part of the story. Frenzied partisans often need look only as far as the bench to get their cues for baiting umpires. Coaches hop up and down and make enough noise to break goblets. "Helluva defense they got, hitting my guys on the forearm. . . . Surely you aren't going to let them throw rabbit punches all night. . . . Don't you guys ever call a foul?" Not every coach complains, of course. One in the minority was Andy Phillip, who stayed attached to the bench like a wood screw, win or lose, because he didn't want to provide a crutch for his players. He insisted his St. Louis Hawks keep silent on doubtful calls, and did so himself. This kind of squeamishness contributed to his being fired by Hawks Owner Ben Kerner in 1958.

All too often, referees are provided with too little security from the crowds. Several years ago Referee Al Lightner called off a California-USC game in

Berkeley, with three minutes to play, when he was twice hit by "hot pennies" (pennies heated with a match or cigarette lighter.) The game was nationally televised, and for his action Lightner has been rewarded with few working dates since. In Logan, Utah the public address announcer broke into a Utah State game to warn that the referee could call technical fouls on the unruly crowd. The announcement was greeted with hoots of laughter. The officials meekly went on with the game. "I would be inclined to heap high praise on an official with the courage to call technicals on a basketball crowd," wrote a Salt Lake City sports writer. "Of course, he'd never know it. He'd be dead."

Worse than the bad public behavior of coaches and crowds, however, has been a change in ethics among players. The official is faced and must reckon with a breed that fouls deliberately, and sometimes maliciously, and seems to have the sanction of his superiors to do so. If he is not sanctioned, he is at least not discouraged. "When I started refereeing in the '20s," says Paul Menton, now a Baltimore sports editor, "disqualifying a player called for action by the dean of men. It was considered important enough to go beyond the athletic department. Now you see an ejected player being slapped on the back by his teammates as though he were a hero."

Football has witnessed some brutal plays in recent years (e.g., Mike McKeever of USC's out-of-bounds "tackle" of Steve Bates in 1959 and Alabama Linebacker Darwin Holt's equally flagrant elbow in the face of Georgia Tech's Chuck Ginning last season), but basketball has condoned a more surreptitious code, known around the NBA as "elbow ethics," and is equally culpable. Charley Eckman, now a college official but formerly a pro referee and coach, says he has never seen such vicious fouling as recently. "Five times [this season] I have seen players undercut when they were going in for a lay-up, and you shouldn't see that many undercuts in a lifetime. You can get killed that way."

Added to the trials of arbitration is the fact that football and basketball play has become faster and more complex. A basketball official runs upward of six miles a night, often at top speed. A football official must detect and call some 60

penalties with the quick use of 30 signals. There is much to take in. Movies, a boon to good football, have been the bane of officials. What was not seen in a game can be slowed down and rerun a thousand times at projection-room leisure. "If they don't stop officiating on film," says one southern referee, "they'll run the rest of us who have pride out of the business."

The extraordinary pressure of home-town crowds hasn't helped officials. A Big Ten survey put the home court advantage in basketball at 10 points, a reasonable figure. The figure is more "reasonable"—perhaps 10 points more—in towns and colleges where what is called "home cooking" has become notorious. Bill Scollin of the Big Five admits to a "little one-sidedness" by his brethren, but he thinks visiting teams can just as often blame travel weariness, strangeness of court, the effect of an antagonistic crowd and the difference in lighting.

Homers really prevail, he says, in those areas where local men work games. "Schools try to bring in outside officials, but [due to cost] it isn't always possible. Being human, local officials may favor their side. They have to face their friends the next day."

How to get around this? The NBA's Borgia contends that you can't put a price tag on good officiating, that because of innate dedication to law and order an official will be good wherever he is and whatever his fee. This would seem applicable in the professional leagues, where officials are paid well and move about freely. An American Football League summary for 1961 showed 380 fouls charged against home teams, 382 against visitors—a negligible difference for an entire season. AFL officials get \$2,000 a season, extra for playoff games. The NFL pays a minimum of \$1,500, but the figure spirals for older hands and there is \$500 extra for the championship game. The National Basketball Association pays \$50 to \$100 a game and offers enough work (90 games or more) for some referees to realize \$8,000 a season.

Colleges and schools, however, are subject to tighter budgets and must confine their officials geographically. The Big Ten pays well at \$135 per football game, \$100 per basketball game, plus travel allowances. But right next door the

continued on page 39

FLOYD YAWNS WHILE SONNY SIGNS

But Heavyweight Champion Patterson, by his own admission, had better be wide-awake mentally as well as physically when he steps out against massive Challenger Liston

by MARTIN KANE

The most lucrative prizefight in boxing history, one that will make the legendary million-dollar gate look like a box office flop (probable gross: \$5 million to \$7 million) was signed last week between the only two men who could make such an attraction. Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson, stuffing yawns and blinking through eyes that suggested he would much prefer to take a nap (right), scrawled his name at the bottom of a document that should double his currently estimated \$500,000 fortune, and Sonny Liston, dourly glowering, followed him with an exhibition of a newly acquired skill: the ability to sign his name.

The fight will bring together two young men of remarkably similar backgrounds. Both were wayward boys, but Patterson, as he himself has pointed out, had the good luck to grow up in a community where some effort is made to rescue youngsters from the effects of their environment. Liston had far less of a chance, and his rehabilitation is much more recent, a matter of months, and still subject to question. His association with gangsters like Blinky Palermo is no matter of the distant past, but he has contrived, without vast difficulty, to persuade the Pennsylvania boxing commission that he has severed all such relationships.

The signing was rushed. The National Boxing Association had threatened to lift Patterson's title and declare the championship vacant if he did not immediately contract to fight an opponent of more serious import than Tom McNortey. In all this haste, the contract was signed before either a date or a site had been chosen. The agreement stipulated that the fight would take place between mid-June and the end of September. New York, Chicago, Washington,

Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Seattle sites are under consideration.

One reason Liston glowered at the signing of what may put him on the road to riches was that, as challenger, he receives a mere 12½% of both live gate and ancillary rights (closed-circuit TV, movies and such). Patterson gets 55% of the ancillary rights and 45% of the gate. Moreover, Liston can take home only \$50,000 of his end, and before taxes, to boot. The rest must go into escrow to guarantee Patterson a return match.

Those who watched Patterson's quite sizable hand disappear into Liston's enormous paw when they shook hands at the signing murmured that size alone might justify the early-line odds of 7 to 5 in favor of Liston. The challenger exudes an aura of power, even in his voice, which rumbles like nearby thunder when he is upset or disgruntled, as he was at the signing. The sleepy, indifferent Patterson, on the other hand, looks like a very gentle fellow.

Well, he isn't gentle at all when he is in the ring. It will be time enough to assay the fighters' chances after they have gone into training and especially after Patterson's mood has been determined. He himself says that his mental attitude is the most important factor in a fight. Many of his poor performances, and he has had a few, can be attributed to a bored disbelief in his opponent when they met. But he was not bored on the night that he knocked out the deft and dangerous Archie Moore, and he was not bored on the night of the second Ingemar Johansson fight when he slashed and blunted the bewildered Swedish champion out of his senses and out of his briefly held title. The muscle-bulging Liston will probably be taken seriously by Patterson, as no Rademacher or Roy Harris ever was.

END





A GRUDGE MATCH FOR THE NATIONAL TITLE

Cincinnati and Ohio State have been waiting for a whole year to tackle each other again. They should meet 1

Saturday night in Louisville despite the best efforts of Wake Forest and upstart UCLA

by RAY CAVE

It took two days of furious action last weekend to reduce the field in the national basketball championship from 16 of the country's best teams to a final four; but it took only a minute after the results were in for every follower of the sport from coast to coast to realize he had good reason to be singing that old folk song to himself that goes:

There's a great time coming

And it's not far off;

Been long, long, long on the way.

The great time is this Saturday, the place is Louisville and the reason the song is in the air is that there is now every chance those two bitter enemies and implacable basketball powers, Cincinnati and Ohio State, are actually going to have their dreamed-of replay of last year's championship game.

For a full year Cincinnati's champion Bearcats have been brooding and boiling because they felt their surprise win over Ohio State in Kansas City last March was looked on as a fluke. They want to prove it wasn't. And for that same long year Ohio State's Buckeyes have been burning and boiling about the overtime defeat (70-65) that cost them their second title in a row. They want to prove it was a fluke.

Now, improbably enough, considering the chances of the same two teams facing each other in the finals two years in a row are about nil, each must win just one more game to set up the most dramatic championship battle ever. Ohio State has a semifinal game on Friday night against the eastern regional winner, Wake Forest, while Cincinnati plays an upstart underdog from the West, UCLA. The winners then meet in Saturday's grand finale. An NCAA tournament official estimated last week that

100,000 tickets could have been sold for Saturday night's game. Freedom Hall, the game site, seats 18,000, and 25,000 ticket orders were received the first day of sale in a flood of money and requests reminiscent of a World Series.

While Louisville's lucky ticket holders may have considered last weekend's regional tournaments as nothing but routes to the finals, the regionals themselves were offering ample excitement and revelations of their own. Wake Forest, led by its arm-flailing, coat-throwing coach, Baptist Preacher Bones McKinney, had the devil's own time winning the eastern regional in College Park, Md. There were 11,700 spectators filling the pastel-colored seats in the University of Maryland's spacious field house when McKinney's tall and strong Deacons began play Friday night against St. Joseph's. Wake Forest had reduced McKinney to a nervous run four days before when it had to come from behind to beat Yale in an overtime. Now, almost sadistically, it set about torturing its coach again. The Deacons' two biggest men, 6-foot-8 Len Chappell and 6-foot-11 Bob Woollard, at times showed about as much life as the Colossus of Rhodes, and little St. Joe's stole the ball and the play. With 38 of the game's 40 minutes gone, Wake was behind 72-66. McKinney, catapulting out of his seat at every play, tugging frantically at his dazzling red socks, throwing towels high in the air and finally doing the same with his coat, didn't have a prayer of winning at this point.

So he did a foolish thing. He ordered Wake Forest into a full-court press. This is absurd because Wake is neither fast nor agile, and St. Joe's is both. But suddenly St. Joe's normally smooth guards couldn't handle the bull. They threw

away two passes and handed away a third. With 28 seconds left, Wake Guard Billy Packer sank a desperation set shot to make it 74-72, St. Joseph's favor. With 13 seconds left, St. Joe's called a time-out before attempting a free throw. McKinney, thanking the angels for that because he had no timeouts left, gave his team a play in case St. Joe's missed the shot. St. Joe's did miss, the play got the ball to Packer and, with four seconds to go, he threw in another long jump shot. In the subsequent overtime an awakened Wake won 96-85.

Nor did Wake Forest return to its earlier listless ways when it took on rugged Villanova the next night. Woollard and Chappell jumped up and down on each side of the basket like two giants on a teeter-totter, making Villanova fight furiously for every rebound. The rebound struggle seemed to tire the Wildcats and weaken their noted zone defense. Wake took the lead with 14 minutes to play and held it from there. At the end of the game Bones McKinney waved the only piece of cloth he hadn't handled in two nights, a large Confederate flag. The Dixie fans roared, and the Deacons headed for Louisville.

The NCAA's western regional was played in Provo, Utah, on the coffeeless, tealess, tobaccoless and even Cokeless campus of Brigham Young University. Perhaps basketball stirred the passions because other minor vice was so hard to come by, but Provo responded to the tournament with two crowds of 10,000, committees for every conceivable need and enough plaques for an Academy Award banquet. This in spite of the fact, as one Utah writer put it, that "the teams coming in here wouldn't excite your Aunt Abigail." He, of course, didn't know about that zany bunch of

upstarts from Los Angeles, UCLA's Bruins. He learned, and so will Louisville.

The team with the second worst record in the entire NCAA tournament (16-9), sizzling UCLA literally ran away with the trophy, the plaques and the show at Provo. On the opening night, against Utah State, a team that prefers a rather deliberate style of play, UCLA displayed its blinding fast break at its best. Led by Globetrotter-slick sophomore guard Walt Hazzard, the Bruins moved so quickly they forced Utah State into an early—and desperate—

press. UCLA countered with whistling passes to Center Fred Slaughter, who would then slip the ball to a guard driving for a lay-up. When State tried to close the middle, frail, pale Gary Cunningham fired in shot after shot from the corner. Ahead 43-30 at half time, UCLA frittered away its lead, as it often does, and then happily snatched it back again, as it also often does, to win 73-62.

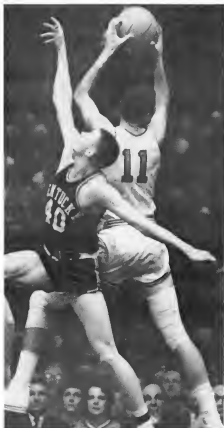
In the final game the next night UCLA took on Oregon State and its seven-foot center, Mel Counts, State, too, tried to press from the beginning, but Green and Hazzard always found room

to get the ball up the court, and every Oregon State mistake seemed to mean a basket for UCLA. Slaughter, only 6 feet 5 and no match for Counts in inches, showed Counts and the crowd that speed mattered more than height—Slaughter was a state 100-yard-dash champion in high school. The half-time lead was 44-30, and midway through the second half the UCLA crowd began cheering, "Louisville, Louisville, Louisville."

Staid Coach John Wooden showed no great emotion over having his first NCAA semifinalist in 14 years at UCLA.

continued

THE TWO STRONG REBOUNDERS WHO MAY DECIDE TITLE BETWEEN THEM ARE OREGON'S LUGAS (NO. 11, LEFT) AND CINCINNATI'S HOGUE



GRUDGE MATCH *continued*

In the dressing room after the game he was patting each player on the head and murmuring, "I'm proud of you."

"We're proud of you, too, Coach," said a player quietly. That's one reason the team nobody heard of is off to Louisville.

There were no surprises about the winner of the midwestern regional, held in Manhattan, Kans. What did emerge was an absolutely awesome picture of Cincinnati's Bearcats. On the previous Monday, Cincinnati had won its way into the NCAA tournament by beating Bradley 61-46. Bradley averages 80.6

points a game. On Friday night Cincy gave Creighton just 46 points while winning 66-46. Creighton averages 76.3 points a game. Before Saturday's final against Colorado the Colorado coach, Sox Walseth, asked both facetiously and ruefully, "Has an NCAA tournament team ever been held scoreless?" One thing is sure. If it ever happens it is going to happen to one of the opponents of Ed Jucker's Cincinnati teams. The Bearcats gave Colorado that same total—46 points—to conclude a fantastic week of defensive basketball.

The Cincy front line of Ron Bonham

(6 feet 5), Paul Hogue (6 feet 9) and George Wilson (6 feet 10) plays defense as if that were 80% of the game—which is precisely what Jucker believes. Against Creighton on Friday night it made a shambles of the play of Paul Silas, the nation's leading rebounder. Hogue and Wilson batted away three of the first four shots Silas tried. Cincinnati's guards, Tom Thucker and Tony Yates, were applying their usual pressure at the same time. As a result, Creighton took 41 shots in the first half and made just eight. The second half was worse. Creighton scored two baskets in 14 minutes,

TWO GUARDS WHO HELPED THEIR TEAMS REACH LOUISVILLE ARE UCLA'S HAZZARD, WAKE FOREST'S PAKER (SHOOTING AT RIGHT)



"Defense saved us," said Jucker after the game, though it wasn't clear from what.

The next night Colorado played a cautious slow-down game and managed to be trailing only 28-26 after 15 minutes. But playing a slow-down game against Cincinnati is like choosing the Chinese water torture instead of drowning. The Bearcats prefer it, and drip by drip they drove you mad. Hogue added 22 points to his 24 of the previous night, displaying some of his finest offensive work. Cin-ey won 73-46.

"We are at our peak now," said Ed Jucker after the second game, "just as we were last year when we went to Kansas City for the NCAA finals. We're ready." Nothing could be more obvious.

In Iowa City, Iowa, meanwhile, Ohio State showed it wasn't quite that ready. On Friday night against Western Kentucky, the Buckeyes looked as cold as the snow-covered Iowa landscape (snow-covered for 95 straight days, residents point out with what sounds like pride). Jerry Lucas, the All-Everything of basketball, was held to nine points by the same kind of triple-teaming that gave him only nine against Louisville in the first NCAA tournament game last year. "I have never been so tired," he said. "Three times up and down the floor and I was done."

With the score tied 19-19 after 10 minutes, Lucas picked up his third foul and Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor took him out. What followed will fascinate Ed Jucker, for sophomore Gary Bradds played the rest of the half and Ohio State moved out to a 13-point lead and won handily, if not easily, 93-73.

Kentucky beat Butler the same night to set up the most intriguing game in all the regionals, Ohio State vs. Kentucky. Wily old Adolph Rupp was in rare form as he looked forward to the prospect. "We're not going to challenge Ohio State's right to be No. 1," said Kentucky's famous coach, and you could have sung a song to his Kansas twang. "We'll let Cincinnati do that. But if Ohio State isn't hitting and we are lucky it might be a fair game. Now, if they are hitting and we aren't lucky I just might go home at half time." Fred Taylor was told this as he was wiping the sweat from his face after the Western Kentucky game. "He's never gone home at half time yet," said Fred.

All of which is coaches' talk. It translates as follows:

Rupp: We're going to lick you.

Taylor: Like hell you are.

Taylor was right. He put Ohio State's defensive ace, John Havlicek, on Kentucky's sophomore wonder, Cotton Nash. Havlicek handled Nash so well that Rupp benched him twice, and without scoring from the usually impressive Nash, Kentucky had no chance.

Lucas, meanwhile, was making sure Kentucky had no chance anyway. Kentucky had beaten Ohio State when Lucas was a sophomore—one of the five losing college games he has played in—and Lucas never forgets. After seven minutes of play the score was tied 8-8. In the next eight minutes Lucas scored 23 of Ohio State's 25 points, and the basket that wasn't his was a debatable tip-in by a teammate after a Lucas hook shot. In one stunning 60-second burst he made three consecutive three-point plays, being fouled each time as he hooked the ball in. He had 25 points as the first half ended. The score was 41-35. Kentucky never threatened seriously after that, losing 74-64.

But Rupp's assistant coach, Harry Lancaster, had a word of warning for Ohio State. "If they make as many mistakes against Cincinnati as they made against us [16] they'll get whipped good," he said.

Cincinnati is coming into the semifinals in a better position than Ohio State. On the basis of its play last week it will most likely be favored by the oddsmakers. Facing UCLA, it will tower over John Wooden's pesky gnats, and though UCLA is going to delight the Louisville crowd it is going to have an awful time running a successful fast break against the Bearcats. Ohio State, on the other hand, should have more difficulty with Wake Forest. If Wake's big men can control the backboards and if Pecker is hitting, the game will be close. But that's a lot of ifs.

A Cincinnati-OSU final would pit the country's best defense against its finest offense. Jucker has managed to convince George Wilson that you can win recognition as a defensive player, and Wilson is much improved since December, when he was tense and overreager. Bonham, the other starting sophomore, is the team's only defensive weak spot, but he, too, has improved, and he has become

the Bearcats' best shot as well. Paul Hogue is as powerful and awe-inspiring as ever. Tony Yates, at guard, could hardly get better. One sidelight of the seething feeling behind an Ohio State-Cincinnati final is that Ed Jucker is incensed because for two years Ohio State has always led the weekly national polls, because Cincinnati has no player who has made first-string All-America and because Fred Taylor has twice been named Coach of the Year. Jucker thinks Hogue should be a top-ranked All-America. He is wrong there, but he does have a player who, if it were not for the absurd voting system, would be one and richly deserves it. That is Tony Yates who, though relatively unrecognized, is the best basketball technician on this team.

Finally, Cincinnati has played a slightly tougher schedule than Ohio State this year, and played it well, winning its last 16 straight. It is a beautifully disciplined, formidable team. "People said we were lucky when we won last year," said Paul Hogue angrily last week. "We're going to show them who is boss."

Perhaps. But this isn't last year in Columbus either. Ohio State now has a strong bench. The team has been looking at the movies of the 1961 game and is understandably appalled at what Taylor calls "the way we just stood around." This year a man who is standing around can be quickly replaced. In 6-foot-3 Doug McDonald the Buckeyes have a much improved forward who gives them a strong man where they were weakest last season. If Cincinnati's Wilson proves too tall and tough under the backboards, Taylor is now in a position to try something that would surprise everyone. He could bring in 6-foot-8 Gary Bradds, who is sharp-elbowed and most enthusiastic, as a forward, to give Lucas some giant-size help.

Most important of all, however, is the play of Lucas. He has his ordinary games. He is, by nature, a quiet, self-effacing, coolly professional young man. His wrath is rare indeed. But he is what Adolph Rupp would call "a bad man to rile up." There is every likelihood that Lucas would take the floor against Cincinnati plenty riled up. Ohio State might need 40 points out of Lucas that night. Those 18,000 screaming people in Louisville may well see Lucas score that many. Favored or not, our choice is Ohio State.

END



THE SLIP THAT COST \$100,000

For letting his stick fly in a critical hockey game, Detroit Goalie Hank Bassen incurred a penalty that may have boosted New York into the rich postseason playoffs by **KENNETH RUDEEN**

To the fascinated crowd filling New York's Madison Square Garden it was like watching the clash of cobra and mongoose. The broad expanse of white ice was empty except for the two opposing players. The crowd hushed. The referee blew his whistle. Gracefully, lazily, the New York Rangers' ace shooter, Andy Bathgate, laid his stick alongside a puck at the first blue line and moved goalward at half throttle. Detroit's goalie, Hank Bassen, cruised out



Howe (top left)

PENALIZED PLAY game when outflanked. Goalie Bassen (crouching, right) desperately slid stick at front of Ranger Dean Prentice.

seem ridiculous for adult human beings to yell their heads off over a fourth-place finish in a six-team league. But to hockey fans, the difference between fourth and fifth is the difference between in and out. When the regular season is done the fifth-place team goes home to oblivion. The fourth-place team goes on to enjoy the riches in prestige and profits of the Stanley Cup playoffs. It may even, as third-place Chicago did last year, win the championship.

The crowd thronging Madison Square Garden to see the Rangers and the Red Wings had come to see the final meeting between two teams whose race for the playoffs had been neck and neck for weeks. Each team had 57 points, and the two points that would go to the winner of this game seemed almost certain to decide—psychologically if not mathematically—who would occupy the coveted fourth place. Moreover, three of the finest, if not the three finest, hockey players in the league were on the ice: Doug Harvey, the Rangers' rookie coach, determined to grab a playoff berth for his team; Detroit's No. 9, Gordie Howe, the aging (33) superstar who this very night would be shooting for his 500th goal; and New York's No. 9, Captain Andy Bathgate, aiming not only for a team triumph but for a first-place spot of his own in league scoring.

Howe, normally one of the coolest men in the game, was so nervous before the Garden contest that he threw up. Bathgate, 29, was feeling better. Still leading the league point-scoring race by a narrow margin over Chicago's blond bull, Bobby Hull, he was wearing new knee braces—he has slipping kneecaps, of all things—which gave him renewed confidence in his ability to cut and twist.

It was Bathgate who scored first on a lightning-fast screened shot from 15 feet that Bassen never even saw. Fifteen minutes later Howe, clawing at the flypaper of a New York checking line sent out primarily to harass him and his linemates, set up a goal for his wing, Claude LaForge, and the first period ended tied at 1-1.

For a brief moment in the second period the game seemed to be all Gordie's. Howe, like the Rangers' Harvey, has a genius for making the difficult appear to be routine. But in this period of this critical game, his extraordinary talent went on display with drums rolling and trumpets blaring. Detroit was short-handed because of a tripping penalty to LaForge when Howe took a pass at center ice and swept into the Rangers' zone. Only one defender stood in his path, and that man was Harvey, the greatest defenseman in hockey. Harvey braced for the rush by Howe, and the crowd waited tautly for the collision of these marvelous old warriors. Howe circled to Harvey's right, faked a cut-in and clambered past slightly off balance as Harvey gave him a practiced hip. Then Howe, who might have attempted a weak backhand, shifted his hands on his stick so deftly that few in the arena even saw him do it. Now suddenly a lefty, the old master flicked a fast forehand past goalie Gump Worsley to score his 500th goal and gave his team a 2-1 lead in the game for the playoffs.

Madison Square Garden crowds are not traditionally charitable to visiting sportsmen, but at this moment, faced with potential defeat and the death of playoff hopes, a New York crowd rose to its feet in an ovation for an honorable enemy. Sadly for his team, Howe's heroic and historic moment was shattered within seconds when Center Earl Ingarfield flipped in another goal for New York, to tie the score at 2-2 as the period ended. The exhausted fans had to wait almost 20 minutes more for the penalty shot that decided the game.

There is no rarer situation in hockey than the penalty shot. The last one seen in Madison Square Garden was in 1956, and Bathgate's was only the 10th to be awarded this season. There could be no reasonable doubt about the crime that caused it. New York's Dean Prentice was skating free toward the Detroit goal, when Bassen, either in panic or by accident, slid his stick over the ice to spoil what would have been a clear shot at the goal. Amid cries for blood in the New York stands, the penalty was called and Bathgate was assigned to make the shot. He responded with a flick of the wrist that could mean a minimum of \$100,000

(continued on page 9)

of his cage, cautious and hesitant. Bathgate feinted to the south. Bassen responded. Then, quick as a mongoose and smooth as the ice itself, Bathgate wheeled north, flicked a backhand, and the puck was in the net.

The Garden's grimy old steelwork rang with a million-decibel shout of jubilation, for in this one rare penalty shot New York Ranger fans not only saw victory assured but a whole season redeemed. To fans of other sports it may

Ricardo Rodriguez of Mexico, the life-loving driver who grins from this week's cover, may have personality failings, but false modesty is not one of them. Young Rodriguez will be among the topflight international stars on display this Saturday at Sebring, down among the Florida orange groves, in this country's foremost sports car race. He views his prospects as that 12-hour world-championship-caliber event with composure. "With the favor of God," he says, for he is as devout as he is daring, "Ricardo Rodriguez will be the winner this time."

Because Ricardo is always saying things like that, and because he has yet to win a road race of the first rank, there are those who believe that he has a swelled head. The fact is that he may very well do what he says. What's more, he may conceivably go on this year to win the highest honor in racing, the Grand Prix championship of the world, although admittedly the odds are heavily against him. His rivals include such gifted and determined artists as America's Phil Hill, the present champion, and that British master driver, Stirling Moss, not to mention a dozen lesser well-seasoned drivers.

But Ricardo is a rookie to make the veterans sweat. He already has put in five years of mettlesome international sports car racing. Last year, co-driving a private Ferrari with his older but less talented brother, Pedro, he stayed ahead of the official factory Ferraris at Sebring for five hours. In the great Le Mans 24-hour race, egged on by Papa Rodriguez, the brothers bedeviled the leading factory Ferrari for hours on end. But it was at Monza in September that Ricardo made the big time. He drove in his first Formula 1 Grand Prix race—a race that sealed Hill's championship and cost Count Wolfgang von Trips his life.

This year Ricardo is to be a fulfilled member of the Ferrari team—easily the most powerful in road racing—joining Hill himself and probably the Italian newcomer, Giancarlo Baghetti, surprise winner of last year's French Grand Prix. There is a faint possibility that Moss will switch from British Lotus to Ferraris for the Grand Prix season. If he does, Ricardo's championship prospects

would be sharply diminished, but his day as a Grand Prix star clearly is coming.

Ricardo says as much himself in his expressive, if imperfect, English: "For me is much easy the Formula 1 car. It is like Formula Junior but, how you say, crazy. Much nervous. Much horsepower. Always. Stirling Moss is fastest, but I see at Monza that other experienced *pilotos* are not fast to me. Phil Hill is a great driver, but once at Monza I even go ahead of Hill."

Unfortunately, at Monza as in other races, Ricardo's ride was cut short by mechanical failure. He has yet to prove to his many critics that he has the sensitivity and self-discipline not to be excessively hard on his racing cars. He has, however, convinced some expert observers. Says Lorenzo Pilagallo, motoring writer for Milan's *Corriere della Sera*: "Rodriguez was an impetuous and scornful driver who often overstressed the vital parts of his cars. Now he seems to have changed. He has the makings of a world champion. He is on the way to becoming a future Moss."

A nearly perfect style

Adds Count Giovanni Lurani, editor of *Auto Italiana*: "Ricardo combines the reflexes of youth with the experience of more mature drivers. His style has not been fully molded, but already it is close to perfection. At Monza he showed how a first-class driver can easily switch from sports cars to single-seaters."

These glowing opinions coincide closely with those of Ricardo's patron, Luigi Chinetti, the chief Ferrari distributor in the U.S. and sponsor of the North American Racing Team, which is a sort of junior varsity to the works stable. But Chinetti wishes that Ricardo's well-wishers would soft-pedal the praise a bit. Three times winner of the Le Mans 24 Hours and the survivor of a heavy smash-up at Spa in Belgium, Chinetti knows something of racing's hazards as well as its glories. He is acutely worried for Ricardo; he cannot get out of his mind the sad case of Guy Moll, a French Algerian youth of similar talent and dash who was killed in 1934—his first big season—after a series of dazzling victories. The memory is especially poignant for Chinetti, because it was he—then with Italy's

Alfa Romeo firm in Paris—who had sold Moll an Alfa the previous year.

"Everything came easily to Guy Moll, as it does to Ricardo," Chinetti recalls. "He had none of the little accidents from which other drivers learn. His first accident was a big one—and his last. The first day I saw Ricardo race, a sixth sense told me that he might become a great driver. If Ricardo is careful, he will go very far, but he still has much to learn."

Chinetti's worry is understandable, on the other hand, it may be argued that it is something of a miracle that Ricardo's self-esteem is not greater than it is. Humility and a cool, reasoned approach to

racing are scarcely to be expected in a 20-year-old who, self-taught in his perilous art on the open highways of Mexico, has been steadily encouraged by a father as ambitious for his success as any back-stage mother for a child actor.

The public image of Ricardo has inevitably been tinged with the Sunday-supplement assumption that he moves in a wonderfully glamorous world, awash with complaisant film starlets, where his valorous reputation and Latin good looks are irresistible. His father, Pedro Sr., is usually identified as a "millionaire industrialist" and the Rodriguez residence as a palatial mansion.

continued

MEXICO SENDS A BOY TO SEBRING

Although he is only 20 years old, Ricardo Rodriguez has an icy passion for racing and a startling self-confidence: he thinks he can do a man's job at Sebring and in the Grand Prix season

by **KENNETH RUDEEN**





NEW MASERATI provides main opposition at Sebring to favored Ferraris. Shown here under test in Italy by America's Roger Penick, this Type 64 sports racer has rear-mounted V-12 engine, reportedly novel rear suspension and a long, low nose. Two Type 64s are entered in the Florida race.

MEXICAN BOY *continued*

The facts are somewhat different, as this reporter learned on a recent visit to Mexico City, but the Rodriguezes are nonetheless a remarkable family. It had been the writer's impression, from previous exposure to Ricardo, that he was a genuinely likable and comparatively unspoiled young man blessed with perfect manners and a fine natural pose. This view was confirmed in Mexico City when we met in front of Pedro's auto showroom.

Papa Rodriguez has set up both boys in automobile agencies—Renault for Ricardo, and Hillman for Pedro. Ricardo pulled up in one of his Renaults. He jumped out, grinning amiably. He is a small, compact and muscular lad, with a plump, boyish countenance, and he looked sharp in a gray suit of Italian cut and black Italian shoes. He shook hands with his Yankee visitor and waved to Pedro Jr., who is slightly taller than Ricardo but resembles him closely and is as reserved as his brother is bouncy.

Papa Rodriguez, a short, stout man who wears sunglasses indoors and out, arrived presently in a big, belined black Chrysler with tan leather seats. After the brothers dutifully gave him a peck on

the cheek, the group piled into the Chrysler and drove a few blocks to an ornate restaurant. The doorman sprinted over to take Papa's car; inside, the headwaiter gave Papa a deferential bow, and soon a very late lunch was ordered.

Papa was obviously a man of parts, but about his fortune he was reticent. He had been, he said, the engineer of President Lázaro Cárdenas' private train during the Cárdenas administration in the late 1930s. It had been his good luck after World War II to acquire real estate that turned out to be a very good thing, and now he had extensive holdings in the Federal District and Acapulco. He also represents several foreign business firms in Mexico, in precisely what capacity he would not specify.

Yes, it was true that he was on good terms with President Adolfo López Mateos: "He makes us the honor of being our friend. He wishes the boys to keep on racing, because this is good for our country all over the world. We are proud to see our flag displayed where we race. Sometimes our anthem is played—in places where many people have never heard our anthem before."

That evening a few former schoolmates of Ricardo's pretty, dark-eyed wife, Santa, dropped in for dinner at

the small apartment they occupy near his auto agency.

After a good deal of feminine table talk by the girls, which Ricardo took with patience, he finally squeezed in a word about his racing career.

"I was just 15," he said, "when I went to California in 1957 for my first races outside of Mexico. At first they laughed at me. But when I beat some of the best Americans, they said, 'Oh, the new Nuvolari.'"

One morning later that week, the new Nuvolari and his brother were breakfasting with Papa at the family home in Mexico City's smart Polanco neighborhood. The house is slab-sided and cubical in the Mexican style and partly faced with a thin red brick. A good, solid house, but no palace.

Papa at home

Papa chatted over *testuderos* (crisp wafers) and coffee. He said that Mama Rodriguez and her youngest, Alejandro, 6, who had been sunning at Acapulco, would be unable to return for a while because a severe storm had made the roads impassable.

When the boys left to go about their business of selling cars, Papa rather proudly remarked that he had been

continued



NEW FERRARI is powered by first V-6 engine (rear-mounted) to come from the all-conquering Italian works, winner of sports, Grand Prix world championships in 1961. Sebring drivers are Stirling Moss and James Ireland. Body resembles that of Rodriguez brothers' V-6 Ferrari.



Christopher Plummer and Ginette Legend in *Henry V*, Stratford Shakespeare Festival, Ontario

CANADA ... the wonderful world at your doorstep!

People come from all over the world to see theatre at Stratford, Ontario. Of the Festival's shimmering, brilliant productions, New York Times critic, Howard Taubman wrote, "To one who has looked in on all the Stratfords from time to time, it is unmistakable that Canada's does the best work year in and year out." This year, the Stratford season runs from June 18 until September 29 with productions of *Macbeth*, *The Tempest* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* will be added in July. The company will be headed by Canada's Christopher Plummer,

returned from his London triumphs in *Richard III* and *Beckett*. Other noteworthy events: the Vancouver Festival of the Arts (July 16-August 20); the Montreal Festival (August 1-30); the Calgary Stampede (July 9-14) and a premiere event of the summer—the first Dawson City Gold Rush Festival (July 1-August 17). In addition, the scenery is enthralling—often dramatic—and there are always front-row seats. Come north if you want a change of landscape, climate and pace; Canada offers all three in its own handsome, refreshing and leisurely way.

To help you plan your visit to Canada, fill in the coupon at right for the Canadian Vacation Package



CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU,
OTTAWA, CANADA

X-4-C4-05

4

ADDRESS



TODAY'S HALLMARK

OF QUALITY



The Stainless Steelmark means modern design and long life

In the olden days, hallmarks meant quality. Today's hallmark of quality—the Stainless Steelmark—means quality, too. ♦ Because products carrying the Stainless Steelmark can't rust, can't tarnish, are hard, dense and strong. They have no plating to wear off, stay bright and gleaming even under the stress of daily use. A whisk with a damp cloth makes the stainless gleam back at you. It lasts a lifetime. ♦ In tableware, sports equipment, hollow ware, appliances, cars, the Stainless Steelmark tells you where the quality products are. Watch for it when you buy—today's hallmark of quality. ♦ Many manufacturers who can put the Stainless Steelmark on their products use Allegheny Stainless—the pioneer stainless steel. And Allegheny Ludlum has a colorful 24-page booklet that shows many of today's modern designs in stainless steel. Send for your copy, today. Just drop a line to *Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corporation, Oliver Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa. Address Department SI-3.*



ALLEGHENY LUDLUM

PIONEERING on the Horizons of Steel



spending about \$80,000 a year on his sons' racing, and he left no doubt as to his blazing faith in Ricardo's chances.

"If he has the fortune to be with the team with the best car," said Papo, squinting through his green-tinted glasses, "he can win the world championship in one year. He will be dangerous to the hopes of everyone he races against, and he will be the star of his team, wait and see."

Racing fans will not have long to wait. Of the 65 cars competing at Sebring this Saturday, probably only five other prototype sports cars are in the same league with the Rodriguez brothers' violent red Ferraris. Two of them are also Ferraris of Luigi Chinetti's North American team. The fastest of all should be a brand-new, rear-engined model powered by the first V-8 engine ever to be built by Ferrari and co-driven by the incomparable Moss and Innes Ireland, that naptly named Scot who lives in Wales. France's Fernand Tavano and America's John Fulp are paired in the other powerful Ferrari prototype.

Sportsman Briggs Cunningham is sending from his stable a new V-12 Type 64 Maserati and a Maserati-engined British Cooper.

Finally, there is another new Maserati, from the Italian "Republic of Venice" stable. The drivers: Sweden's Joakim Bonnier and Britain's Graham Hill.

A change for Hill

With Phil Hill and Belgium's Olivier Gendebien in a Grand Touring Ferrari for a change—Hill has won Sebring in Ferrari prototypes three times, twice co-driving with Gendebien—and other strong GT entries, Ferrari should win the major GT prize from America's persistent but unmatched Chevrolet Corvettes. The U.S. will also be represented by two homebred prototype "Chaparrals" built by the Texan Jim Hall and a Ford Falcon powered by Ford's new lightweight V-8 engine, but these cars seem to have little chance of success in their special category—a new four-liter "world challenge cup" series beginning at Sebring.

There is a good deal of stop-Ferrari talk in the air, most of it is wishful thinking. Having won eight of the 10 sports car world championships so far, the Italian firm appears to be stronger than ever. "Nothing will stop us," cries Ferrarista Ricardo Rodriguez. "Nothing." **END**



Photo: Bob Schuchman. The photo is a reproduction of the original photograph. The photo is a reproduction of the original photograph. The photo is a reproduction of the original photograph.

What a sport shirt, this "Dacron" and cotton! Light, good-looking, comfortable, and never a wrinkle. Wear one: you'll agree, "Dacron" is a boy's best friend!

POLYESTER FIBER



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY.

EAGLE BROS.

uses motors as the motif in this handsome sport shirt, combining clever design with the stay-just, wash'n'wear talents of "Dacron". In aqua, blue, orange, red. About \$4. At fine stores everywhere.

Whatever the problems of the National League in the seasons that lie ahead, a shortage of baseball parks in Houston will not be one of them. On the southern fringe of the city, in a field where cattle once grazed and geologists roamed, two stadiums rise into the sky as if both Barnum and Bailey had just hit town. One, built in furious haste of galvanized steel and wood at a cost of \$2 million, will be the 1962 home of the new Houston Colt .45s. The other, a gleaming hemisphere of glass and chrome and polished concrete, with a revolutionary domed roof and an air-conditioning system that would turn Ahner Dogbleday blue in his grave, is being built with all the tender care that \$22 million and man's passion for creating monuments to himself can devise. It will not be ready until 1963. Rising as they do together out of the flat Texas plain, the two stadiums would present a fascinating sight were they not largely obscured by a vast cloud of dust and smoke. Part of this is caused by the heavy construction equipment that snorts and clanks across the premises. Most of it, however, is thrown up by a tornado in human form named Roy Mark Hofheinz.

Roy Hofheinz (*with stadium model, right*) is a large man with an even larger stomach, a theatrical flair and a mind as quick as a cash-register drawer. He smokes a box of cigars a day, sleeps only when there is nothing else to do and would, if charged with the U.S. space program, have had John Glenn in orbit by the astronaut's third birthday. He is considered unusual even in Texas. The grandson of a Lutheran missionary, who spoke 11 languages and came over from Alsace-Lorraine to preach and plant potatoes, Hofheinz has been a dance-band promoter, a radio huckster and a boy-wonder politician (he was Lyndon Johnson's first campaign manager). He also is a multimillionaire and at one time was

FAST MAN WITH A .45

After 87 years, the National League should be impervious to shock. Wait till it runs into Houston's Roy Hofheinz, the man behind the new Colt .45s

by ROY TERRELL

Photographs by Art Slay

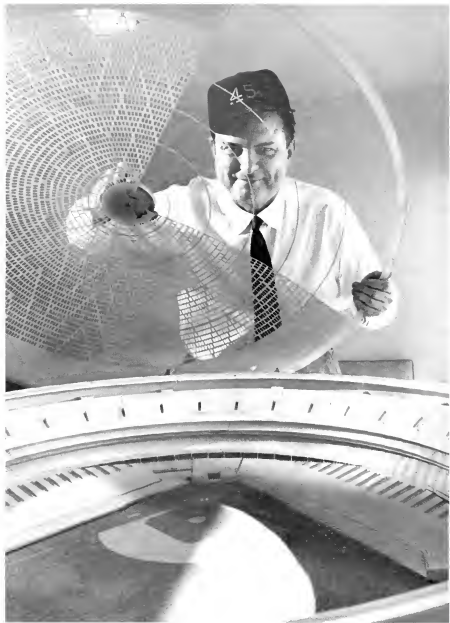
the most controversial mayor in the history of Houston. Few are surprised that he is now a baseball executive as well, although Hofheinz admits that this is a field in which he possesses a certain lack of knowledge. "After examining the way baseball's business has been conducted in the past," he says, "I figure this gives me a marked advantage over the rest." He will be 50 years old on opening day, a fact that seems part of the plan.

Hofheinz and his relatively silent partner, R.E. (Bob) Smith, a 67-year-old Croesus with a mane of white hair and a mania for physical fitness, own 66% of the stock in the Colts, but the original credit for getting big league baseball interested in Houston belongs largely to two others: George Kirksey, a visionary public relations man, and Craig Cullinan Jr., grandson of the man who founded Texaco. Kirksey spent nine years trying to outfit the city with a big league team. In vain he offered to buy the St. Louis Cardinals, the Cleveland Indians, the Athletics, the Cincinnati Reds and both the Chicago White Sox and the Cubs.

"I was desperate," Kirksey says now. "Those were years of ineptness and stupidity. The only thing I learned was that big league baseball was a citadel and that we would have to take it by storm."

When the Continental League came along, Kirksey and Houston were ready to join, a \$20 million revenue bond issue was authorized to build a stadium, and the Houston Sports Association was formed. When the National and American leagues voted to expand, killing the Continental League, Kirksey realized that neither his energy nor Cullinan's money was enough. "We had to have help, big financial help," he says, "and, even more than that, we needed know-how." That he should turn to Smith and Hofheinz was as natural as bowing one's head when passing the San Jacinto Battleground.

continued



Since that day in the summer of 1960, Hofheinz has been running the show. Partly because of his flamboyant political image, partly because he was too busy to take bows, Hofheinz remained behind the scenes—a spot he would have avoided in previous years. Smith was named chairman of the board. Cullman, with 15% of the stock, became president; Kirksey, awarded a 2% interest because of his spunk, became executive vice-president; Bud Adams, owner of the Houston Oilers of the American Football League, bought in for 10% and became vice-president. Hofheinz assumed the title of chairman of the executive committee—and went to work.

In place of the \$20 million revenue bond issue, which staggered under an interest rate of 6½%, Hofheinz bulldozed through a general obligation bond bill for \$22 million—at an interest rate of less than 4%—to build a stadium that would become “an Eiffel Tower in its field.” When time came to bid for a franchise, it was Hofheinz who stormed the citadel of the National League in Chicago in October of 1960; once Hofheinz began to talk, the National League didn’t have a chance.

Back home, working 20 hours a day, Hofheinz defeated a lawsuit contesting the wisdom of Harris County’s going into the baseball business; put together a \$3 million land package for a site on which to construct the stadium; and convinced the Texas highway department that a 14-lane expressway conveniently bordering the stadium site should be pushed to completion five years ahead of schedule. Racing between Houston and Madison Avenue, he sold radio and television rights to the Colt games; in Washington he talked the U.S. Government into a plan to equip the stadium as an emergency fallout shelter, collecting \$750,000 to help finance the project.

He decided that old Busch Stadium, Houston’s minor league park, was inadequate in both seats and parking facilities to serve as a temporary stadium for 1962. So Colt Stadium was built to seat 32,000 at a cost of \$2 million. In Houston they will tell you that this temporary stadium may well be the most colorful baseball park in either league. Says Hofheinz: “You might as well go first class.” He is amazed that the New York Mets mean about having to spend

\$300,000 to repaint the Polo Grounds.

Besides watching every bolt and plank that went into Colt Stadium, Hofheinz pushed tickets, helped select a name and a uniform and insignia for the team and decided to hire girl ushers instead of men. Aware that first-base box-seat sales were lagging behind those at third base, where the home team’s dugout is located, Hofheinz decided to build a stadium club behind first base, patterned after an old western saloon, with an 83-foot bar. First-base box-seat sales jumped.

After a few disagreements concerning young players and the wisdom of building a domed stadium, Hofheinz convinced Gabe Paul, Houston’s first general manager, that the climate would be better for him in Cleveland. To replace Paul, Hofheinz hired Paul Richards, the man he wanted for the job in the first place. Neither general manager complained about the money he was given to spend: \$3 million for ballplayers last year, more than any of the 18 operating big league clubs, more than \$1 million for young bonus prospects alone.

“This guy Hofheinz,” says a New York television executive, “is the most refreshing man to come into baseball in years. You watch him. He’ll out-O’Malley O’Malley and out-Week Week. I just hope he doesn’t decide to change the rules of the game.”

Rules have never been too much a part of Hofheinz’ life. In the sixth grade he won a prize for oratory with a rendition of the Gettysburg Address that would have moved Jefferson Davis to tears. A high school honor graduate at the age of 15, he had to pass up two scholarships to the University of Texas in order to stay at home when his father, a laundry-truck driver, was killed in an accident. He studied at Houston Junior College, Rice, and Houston Law School, usually at night, and during the day he worked. But Roy Hofheinz was not a man to wait on tables or drive a laundry truck. At 16 he was booking bands into dance halls all over East Texas. At 17 he began to buy and sell radio time, and was soon making more money than the station manager.

Having learned how easy money was to make, Hofheinz gave it up. He passed his bar exams at 19, a year before receiving his law degree. At 22 he was elected to the state legislature. In 1936 Hofheinz became judge of Harris County, at 24 the youngest man ever to hold such office in a major county in the nation’s history. Today most people still call him

Judge and it is a period of his life that he remembers with pride and satisfaction. For eight years Hofheinz presided over three courts and four boards, a work load that required the services of three men after he finally retired.

Hofheinz replaced the county’s old oyster-shell roads with permanent roads; he initiated a program to build two toll-free tunnels under the Houston ship channel; he formed the Harris County Flood Control District. Hofheinz also challenged Houston’s Goliath, Jesse Jones, on a series of tax principles—and lost. “But we had a whole of a fight there for a couple of years,” says Hofheinz, “and in those days I wasn’t exactly picking on a cripple.”

In 1944, Hofheinz announced that he would retire, not to reappear in politics until he was a millionaire—some time before his 40th birthday. Borrowing money, he bought a radio station, Houston’s KTHI; then he bought another. He went into the sludge business. He built up his law firm and began to deal in real estate. In 1952, a millionaire at the age of 40, he was elected mayor of Houston. Ten minutes after he went into office, Hofheinz began a fight with his eight-man city council that was to last for three years.

As mayor, Hofheinz was a Jekyll and a Hyde. He put through a street-building and public works program without which Houston could never have continued its dizzy growth. He overhauled the city purchasing department so thoroughly that taxpayers were saved \$360,000 a year. He built the new Houston International Airport. But Hofheinz, usually smooth as velvet before the public, can also be as tough as a roughneck’s hands, and some of his operations—he likes to get things done yesterday and he likes them done his way—didn’t sit so well. His political enemies—and soon there was nothing exclusive about the club—branded him arrogant and domineering, a dictator in an elective office. Still, he was reelected in 1954. Then the fight really began.

The mayor told the city council that he could run Houston better without their help and called them “cooky-jar boys” with their hands in the public till. One councilman challenged him to a fistfight. He was indicted by the council in an ouster attempt dramatically labeled impeachment. Hofheinz laughed in the council’s face, compared the members to “penitentiary inmates attempting to oust the warden,” and routed

them with a legal counterattack before which the six-count indictment crumbled like old cheese. But by then the three Houston newspapers, two of them Hofheinz backers in his previous campaigns, were tired of the whole noisy show. "By earning the hatred of the city council," said the *Post*, "Hofheinz has made efficient city government virtually impossible. Rule-or-ruin tactics must go." In a special 1955 election, Hofheinz went.

"No one ever questioned my honesty or integrity," he said bitterly. "I still have that."

Hofheinz also emerged with a very close and valuable friendship intact. Bob Smith is an independent oilman of fabulous wealth even among the fabulously wealthy oilmen of Texas. One day, his face swathed in towels while getting a shave in a downtown barber-shop, Smith heard a particularly vicious attack on Hofheinz from a neighboring chair. Leaping to his feet, Smith threw

aside the towels and in his shirtsleeves chased the mayor's assailant down Main Street. "The most loyal friend," says Hofheinz, "that any man ever had."

Smith is also probably the largest single landowner of municipal or suburban real estate in Texas, making it virtually impossible to expand Houston in any direction without running into R. E. Smith property. As partners, Smith and Hofheinz have been involved in some of the most ambitious building projects in Houston's explosive history. Of all these ventures, however, none means more to Hofheinz than the all-weather stadium. "When completed," he says, "it will antiquate every other structure of this type in the world." With some enjoyment he notes that the New York Mets' Flushing Meadow Stadium, also scheduled for 1963 completion, and Walter O'Malley's Chavez Ravine will fall within this antiquated class.

The great domed roof, made up of rectangular panels of translucent plastic,

3 feet by 6 feet in size and set into steel girders, will rise 200 feet above the playing field, high enough to tuck the 18-story Shamrock Hilton inside. No pop fly or towering outfield drive will ever touch the roof. Distrusting the figures of O'Malley, who once conducted a test with baseball's best fungo hater, Ed Reebuck, and decided on 176 feet as the maximum trajectory of a batted ball, Hofheinz made his own tests. He took some ballplayers out to a blimp base and had them swing away. Several baseballs tacked the steel framework at 160 feet but none touched the 170-foot ceiling itself.

Hofheinz, an expressively profane man, admits that "we had a hell of a problem with filtration of the sun's rays. We had to design a roof that would transmit enough light to grow grass but opaque enough to diffuse any heat not absolutely necessary for the growth of the grass. Then we had to

continued



IN A RARE MOMENT OF INACTIVITY, ROY HOFHEINZ RELAXES BEHIND LOUIS XIV DESK IN ORNATELY DECORATED DOWNTOWN OFFICE

HOPFEINZ continued

find a special grass. Until I got into this thing, I didn't know there was anything but Johnson grass."

The air-conditioning system was designed to reduce temperatures at least 15 degrees from a maximum anticipated temperature of 95, even though most of the games will be played in the relatively cool hours of evening. With a sellout baseball crowd of 46,000, the system must move 6,250 tons of air. The great blowers are so strong that Warren Spahn of the Braves views them with even more than a left-hander's normal distrust. "When we're at bat, you'll have the wind blowing in," he accused Hofheinz. "When we're in the field, you'll make it blow out." Hofheinz grins around his coronet cigar. "Actually," he says, "we can do better than that. If we're behind in the top of the fifth, all we have to do is turn off the air conditioners and it begins to rain." Because it really will rain, the air-conditioning system must operate all year round, although something less than 1,000 tons' displacement is enough for unoccupied days.

Hofheinz doesn't anticipate many unoccupied days. "The Oilers will play here in the fall," he says. "For football, the stadium will seat 53,000; we push a button and in five minutes 10,500 field boxes move over to the sidelines." The stadium capacity is increased to 66,000 for fights, and Houston has already shown promise of developing into a sizzling fight town. "We'll have circuses here, too," says Hofheinz, "and rodeos and stage spectaculars." A national political convention? "We have already bid for both in 1964."

Hofheinz and the scientists were concerned about smoke. "No group smokes more than a fight crowd," he says. "Particularly cigars. So we made density and visibility tests in boxing arenas over a year. Then we got together with Minneapolis-Honeywell. They created artificial smoke of various densities, and through the smoke we projected Lew Fonseca's World Series film. We tested filter components until we could take every smoke particle out of the air. This is *not* absurd, of course, this is the problem scientists face in laboratories and it doesn't apply to a sports crowd. We only wanted to arrive at the point where people were comfortable and could see." After watching the Yankees demolish the Reds for 10 straight hours one day,

they settled on the degree of clarity required.

The stadium is a spectator's dream. Twelve access roads, handling 70 lanes of traffic, will clear the 25,000-car parking lot in 20 minutes, less than half the time required for fewer cars at O'Malley's Dodger Stadium in Chavez Ravine, according to Hofheinz. "A matter of scientific measurement," he says complacently, "not a guess." Although the stadium has six levels, it can be completely emptied in nine minutes flat. And because the playing field is 25 feet below ground level, the maximum rise on any ramp is 34 feet. "You can walk down to virtually every seat," Hofheinz says. "This is partially a matter of convenience for the spectators, of course, but we are also aware of the status symbol of walk-down seats."

Some 26,000 box seats will be of the foam rubber theater type; in fact there are no box seats. No posts or pillars or supporting columns mar the view, and the design is such that each spectator will feel that he is looking straight toward the center of the diamond, a few feet behind second base. "Optical illusion," Hofheinz explains succinctly.

The seats themselves will be color-coded, as will the tickets: six levels, six basic colors, each section of each level a gradation of that basic color. "A person that gets lost in this stadium will have to be color-blind or an idiot," says Hofheinz. "For those, we will have ushers, beautiful ones. And they won't have their hands out for tips."

The stadium will cost \$15 million to build; the land (\$3 million) and roads (\$4 million) account for the remainder of the whopping \$22 million bond issue. The Houston Sports Association has signed a 40-year lease agreeing to amortize the cost of the bonds and also to pay all operating expenses. Aside from personnel, it will cost \$10,500 a day to run the stadium. "Where baseball is concerned," says Hofheinz, "my only question is whether the stadium will produce 250,000 extra customers a year. That's an average of about 3,000 extra customers for each home date. If you were assured comfort and convenience such as this and a guarantee against rain-outs, even on the most miserable day, what would you do? You'd go to the ball game, just as sure as there's a pig in Texas. I've already bid almost two years of my life and several dollars on that."

Judge Hofheinz is so enamored of the domed stadium that he may decide to

live there once it is completed, although this is hardly necessary. On a 110-acre plot just beyond diamond-studded River Oaks and well within the Houston city limits, he owns a showplace home, equipped with a swimming pool, an indoor, steer-sized barbecue pit, a complete soda fountain, nine television sets and a kitchen in which a banquet staff could operate. Upstairs there are six bedrooms and six baths; downstairs a bewildering assortment of spectacularly decorated rooms, including a playroom with a circus theme. Old circus posters adorn the walls, a white piano with red polka dots stands alongside a gaily painted jukebox, the ceiling is striped like a circus tent. On one wall, in white wooden gingerbread frames, are large caricatures of the judge and his family in circus themes: Hofheinz, the lion-tamer; Mrs. Hofheinz, on a flying trapeze; and the three children, as clowns. Roy Jr., called Bush, is now 25; a 1956 Rhodes scholar from Rice, he speaks eight languages and is at Harvard studying for a doctorate in Chinese history and philosophy. Fred, 22, called Spud by his family, is in graduate school at the University of Texas with a fellowship in economics, and is a Rhodes scholar nominee himself. Dene, 19, is a sophomore at Texas. "She takes after her mother," says Hofheinz. "She's not brilliant, but she does all right in human relations."

On the property, which abounds with rabbits and quail and little boys carrying BB guns, there is also a guest house, a four-car garage overflowing with Cadillacs, Fords and Fiats, a kennel full of gun dogs, Labradors and pointers, a stable containing four horses, servant quarters and another garage full of trucks. Despite its size, the residence is a homey sort of place; both the Judge and Mrs. Hofheinz are cordial hosts. "We like to entertain at home," they say. "We just like folks."

Actually Hofheinz doesn't spend too much time at home anymore. In one of the long black Cadillac limousines, which he drives himself since he has never been able to find a chauffeur willing to work his hours, he recoaches between an office at the ball park, a downtown office, a remarkable beach home on Galveston Bay, two hunting camps and a farm. Each is better than a museum.

The downtown office, a former residence painted charcoal and white, is

continued on page 41

LOG OF YACHT REGATTA II

(Date) SUMMERTIME EVERYWHERE (Destination) HAPPY SAILING



0000: Aboard the Regatta II.



0900: Sail cover comes off — crew covered in smart, hardy Topsail, the original Wellington Sears sailcloth. Always a good sailor. Always ready to work, play, or just relax in good style.

GUEST REGISTER

REMARKS


White Stag

WELLINGTON SEARS

SANFORIZED *plus*

TRADEMARK

THE LOOK YOU LOVE
FOR BOATING FASHIONS

THE ORIGINAL SAILCLOTH —
GOOD SAILORS' CHOICE
FOR DECK WEAR

WASH-AND-WEAR ASSURANCE
FOR BOATING CLOTHES THAT
STAY SMOOTH, NEVER
SHRINK OUT OF FIT

See White Stag's sailing collection at BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York & branches, BUFFUMS', Long Beach, Santa Ana, BURDINE'S, Miami & branches; DAVIDSON'S, Atlanta & branches, FREDERICK & NELSON, Seattle, J. L. HUDSON CO., Detroit; JORDAN MARSH CO., Boston; MACY'S California, San Francisco; MAY CO., Los Angeles. Additional stores on last page of this issue.



0900 and **0930**: Navy cruiser jacket with hood, S-M-L, \$12.95. White Southampton pants, 6-20, \$6.95. **0900** and **0935**: Catamaran Top. Bold-striped, longer length cotton-knit pullover. S-M-L, \$4.95. Sunfigger® Pants in seacloth. 6-20, \$8.95. **1020**: Beach Burnoose in cotton terry. New stepped shoulders, wide turn-up or down turtle neck. S-M-L, \$6.95. Coordinated seacloth surfer pants, 6-20, \$6.95. **1960**: Pima Jump Shirt. New,



0935: Down goes the centerboard—taking a turn on the winch looks easy in White Stag Surfdivers' of Wellington Sears sports-loving sailcloth.



1500: Smooth sailing. Smooth deck-duty appearance assured by "Sanforized-Plus" and White Stag.



0930: Up goes the main. Up goes the hood. Both in fabrics supplied by Wellington Sears.



1800: Harbor in view. Crew relaxes. No wrinkles in sight anywhere, because the White Stag look is "Sanforized-Plus."



1030: Under way. Looking for a good, strong breeze. Found! The great sailing look: White Stag.



1900: Hook is dropped. Food served. Neat look of crew due to "Sanforized-Plus" in White Stag boating fashions. Happy look of crew due to talents of cook.



2030: Sunset. End of a perfect day. End of a perfect sail. In wonderful White Stag boating fashions of Wellington Sears "Sanforized-Plus" fabrics.



longer length with long button front plasket, side vents, 8-18, \$6.95. White Southampton pants, 6-20, \$6.95. Nassau Top. Cropped sleeveless top with square scooped neck, side zipper, 8-16, \$4.95. Sailcloth deck pants. Stitched front creases, side zipper, 6-20, \$7.95. 1500 and 1800: Navy Jump Shirt worn with sailcloth Jamaica short fly front, multi-stitched detailing at waist, 8-20, \$5.95. Available at fine stores everywhere.



More Thunder for Thunderbird

Good thing these molded foam seats cup so snugly around your back—for now Thunderbird has a new power option. There's 40 more horsepower on tap, and a new catapult take-off you feel right between the shoulder blades. This is the Sports V-8, first developed for the Sports Roadster but now available at extra cost on any Thunderbird you choose. It has the major Thunderbird virtues—massive thrust wrapped in velvet smoothness, raw torque whetted to almost soundless perfection—but with a new emphasis. There's even a special transmission to match, with higher shift points, quicker up-shifts. Thus Thunderbird's polished harmony of power and silence, already unique in all the world, takes on an added brilliance and breath-taking response. If you thought Thunderbird performance was the ultimate, try this! It's Thunderbird—plus!

A PRODUCT OF



MOTOR COMPANY



Thunderbird
Sports Roadster

HOFHEINZ (continued)

surrounded by a high stockade fence. Inside the fence, banana trees and groves of bamboo and a fountain decorate a garden path. Inside the house, Hofheinz prefers to work in what was once the kitchen, standing up, a position in which he believes he thinks better. For more formal occasions, he passes through a door that is really a sort of secret panel, into a glorious office full of towering, hand-crafted brass chairs with red and yellow velvet cushions. "Frenchmotel," he says. "They came from some castle." The desk is Louis XIV. Behind the desk is another panel leading into a bathroom with gold fixtures—including the toilet seat.

Downstairs is Le Trou, the pit, a basement room copied after a Parisian sidewalk cafe, Quai d'Orsay, Boulevard Montmartre, Place Pigalle, Rue de la Paix, say the signs on the walls; Parisian menus are everywhere. There is a piano from London's Great Exhibition of 1851, and an old French wood stove. An intercom TV set allows Hofheinz to watch his secretaries and receptionists, and any visitors who might appear in the offices above. There is a freezer, painted like a packing case, and a well-stocked bar; steaks, usually enough to feed the entire Colts baseball team, and enough good Scotch to entertain the Texas Senate, are never far from Hofheinz, who believes in wall-to-wall living, all the time.

There is a billiard table in the basement, but no one has shot a game of pool there in years; on top of the table sits one of the two models of the domed stadium. The other is usually on exhibition in Dallas or Corpus Christi or Monterrey, Mexico. "We built the models out back in the shop," says Hofheinz. "They come completely apart, and it would require 72 blueprints to duplicate what they can show."

One of the hunting camps, called Loose Goose Lodge, is on 550 acres west of Houston on the Katy highway; it is full of guns, decoys, fishing rods, goose calls, hunting jackets, waders, and all the absurd and humorous signs that Hofheinz, a compulsive collector, has gathered down through the years. The other camp, located on 250 acres near Danbury, south of town, is called the Kwikwack Klub and it is decorated with political mementos and memorabilia of Hofheinz' career, photographs,

(continued)

Gordon Ford's cool, comfortable classic in black-olive Dacron* polyester and cotton.

*DUPONT T. M.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

A Division of
Burlington Industries



FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE WORLD OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



WONDERFUL GIFT

Only \$6.75 for a full year... and each gift is announced with a special card handsigned in your name.

Send your order to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Include your own name and address... tell us how you wish the gift card signed.



The least important thing is its famous fragrance.

Yardley After-Shaving Lotion happens to smell great. Clean. Manly. And extraordinarily refreshing.

But that isn't its only purpose.

Yardley After-Shaving Lotion also performs several vital skin care functions. It helps heal nicks, chase bacteria and prevent infection. It keeps your skin lubricated, moist and comfortable. It acts as a brisk after-shave stimulant.

And it probably does these things more effectively than any lotion you've ever tried. Because Yardley

After-Shaving Lotion contains an impressive selection of modern ingredients. There's a special healing agent that aids the growth of replacement cells, does away with dead tissues; a unique, high-powered bacteria check designed to protect the health of your skin; humectants to help replace the natural youthful moisture that's lost with the years.

With all these virtues, it's amazing Yardley After-Shaving Lotion costs only \$1 a bottle.

But it does.

HOFHEINZ continues

newsclips, cartoons, awards, plaques. The farm, on 550 acres near Houston's westerly city line, is an antique collector's paradise: old churns, a Dutch window-washer, bronze cannon off a British warship, old fowling pieces, spinning wheels and a noodle-slicer.

Hofheinz also has a great wooden chest, beautifully carved and compartmented, that belonged to a Union general; he likes to show it off but has a lot of trouble with the lock. "You can see now," he puffs, struggling to get it opened, "why the North lost the Civil War." Outside, on the farmhouse lawn, stands the bell from an old locomotive: it has a thunderous tone and the judge delights in ringing it at 2 a.m. "Just to let the neighbors know we're around," he says.

Hofheinz calls the beach home Hucker House in honor of the money that bought it, and it is a bright, garish, wonderful place. Each room has a different theme—the Old Wild West, a harem, the South Seas, a gambling casino, even a jail, with bars on the windows and steel bunks suspended from the ceiling by chains. There are television sets here, too, most of them built in, usually in the ceiling over a bed or high up on a wall. "That's the only way to watch TV," he says, "lying on your back in bed." There is a player piano and a priceless old Regina music box. Outside, the pool and surrounding area are decorated in a circus theme, with fanciful animal statues peeping out of the bushes. One, a lion, has a drinking fountain in his mouth; all you have to do is pat your head inside. Hofheinz' real pride and joy is a circus calliope. "When that thing plays," he says, "you can hear it across the bay in Galveston. Man, it really drives the neighbors wild."

The Houston Colts may not win many games in '62, for they have concentrated on building for the future, but big league baseball will be new in Texas this year and the crowds should pour in. Next year, even if the team has not progressed too far, there will be the new domed stadium, an attraction in itself. By 1964, with baseball and the stadium no longer novelties, Houston hopes to produce a contender. But should they fail, the Colts still have one more attraction to offer: Roy Hofheinz. Most people would be glad to pay money to watch a man like that.

END



Ardently Acclaimed in Italy Itself...

The Gran Turismo Hawk

by Studebaker

In the car-knowledgeable land where the Gran Turismo classification was born and nurtured, this visiting new Hawk from the U.S. was a constant center of appreciative attention. And deservedly so. For in its imaginative elegance and prideful performance the new Gran Turismo Hawk captures, at an unusually modest price, the spirit and essence of the masterful European touring car. On a full 120" wheelbase, the stunning new Hawk combines the power thrust of a Thunderbolt V-8 OHV engine with a luxurious and bucket-seated Gran Turismo five-passenger interior.

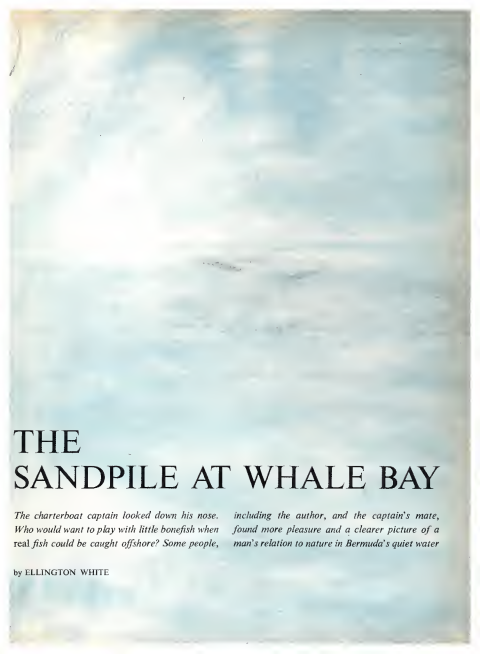
Roadability of high order is provided by variable-rate front coil springs and anti-sway bar; asymmetrical rear springing, telescopic shock absorbers; finned brake drums; even an optional floor-mounted 4-speed gear box.

*Yet, this truly inspired automobile carries a suggested retail price of only \$3095.**

*Transportation, local taxes and optional equipment additional



Thomas H. Allen



THE SANDPILE AT WHALE BAY

The charterboat captain looked down his nose. Who would want to play with little bonefish when real fish could be caught offshore? Some people,

including the author, and the captain's mate, found more pleasure and a clearer picture of a man's relation to nature in Bermuda's quiet water

by ELLINGTON WHITE

A charter boat captain who operates out of Mangrove Bay, Bermuda once told me about a problem that was keeping him awake at night. It seems that his mate, a teenage boy, had fallen under a spell, and the captain was worried.

"Here's a kid," he said, "the best mate I ever had, who spends upwards of eight hours a day working offshore with me, and what's the first thing he wants to do when we dock up in the morning? I'll tell you. He wants to grab a rod, get on that bike of his and pedal off to play with some damn little bonefish down there at Whale Bay. Mind you now," the captain said, "I'm not against a boy having fish on his mind. But good God, this boy sees a lot of fish on my boat—Alibons, marlin, wahoo. Real fish! He's got no business wading around a sandpile. He ought to be home sleeping. Yet you try to tell him that. Just try! It's like talking to a hophead."

Since I, too, was hooked on Whale Bay, I am afraid that I was not the most sympathetic person the captain might have found. As the captain continued his account of the boy's misadventures (boy being a good Alibion because he was too sleepy to gaff it properly, boy generally out on his feet) I wondered why the boy and I had not bumped into each other while wandering dopy—two hopheads—around the shallows of Whale Bay. Two fishermen there at the same time could hardly miss bumping; it is such a small place. A sandpile, the captain called it, and actually that is about all it amounts to. At some point in its history Bermuda developed a number of coves along its south shore, and one of these the sea has filled with sand, a white waste of sand perhaps two miles long that the sea has dumped between the reefs and the craggy headlands overlooking the water. (The boy must have stood there often.)

Beyond the reefs the sea turns darker blue, flecked with purplish jets of coral, but inside the bay, if a bay it can be called, the water is so dazzling and clear that the bottom seems to float on the surface, mirroring the shadows of birds shutting back and forth between the sky and their cliffside nests. Nomadic fish slide across the bottom, and occasionally you will see, as I assume the boy has seen, one of their shadows join the shadow of a bird, and the two prowlers,

drifters both, will wander off through the bright shallows side by side.

One morning I saw just such a union as this occur between a barracuda and a longtail. The thing that inspired the union was a ball of seaweed that had rolled onto the outer edge of the bay. Flying fish lay their eggs in such balls, and though I was some distance away from it, I suspect that what I was looking at was a floating nest with thousands of fry swimming around inside it. The bird was the first to appear, leading the barracuda as though by a towline. And when the barracuda had punched a few holes in one side of the nest, the longtail dropped into the run screaming and beating its wings. While the plunder was going on, a school of mullet was whirling madly near the shore, but as soon as it ceased, as soon as the union was dissolved, the mullet disappeared along with the barracuda and the bird, and Whale Bay assumed the mildness of a pretty little aquarium scene.

The previous day I had returned to Bermuda after a year's absence, and while a year seems no great length of time, frightening changes can come over a place in the sixth decade of the 20th century. Back home I have seen a fine bass stream go to pot in less time than that, and the thought of what a year had done to Whale Bay had been on my mind ever since leaving New York. True, there are no pulp mills in Bermuda, no refineries or gas works, but new hotels had mushroomed, and these pleasure factories dump into the sea a terrible volume of water skiers tied on to smoldering outboards.

This is why I was relieved to see the barracuda and the longtail. The fact that they were there meant that the hotel boys had not gotten to Whale Bay ahead of me.

"And what a pity that is, too," as the captain of the charter boat would say. "Set a hotel up there and my troubles would be over." And so they would.

It was a blue, lofty morning. Chameleons were in the grass, and crabs rattled dryly among stiff yucca leaves sounds of a water-shy place. This is one of Whale Bay's peculiarities; it seems almost northern in its rough eragrinness. Slabs of limestone have broken out of the ground at various places, and the turf, spiked with a sharp cactuslike plant, is tough as sandpaper. A forest of dead trees marched down the hill behind me, pale shades by the hundreds advancing upon the sea, with their

bleached roots hooked around rocks and patches of yucca. These were cedars killed during a blight in the 1940s.

Against one of these I had parked my bike. Although there are enough taxis in Bermuda to transport an army (assuming the army had anyplace to go), I had rented a motorized bike at my hotel outside Hamilton and rattled the 10 miles down Southampton Parish in the soft gray tones of dawn. The little side road leading to Whale Bay is especially pleasant, rising as it does for several miles between thick oleander hedges. In addition to a spinning rod, fastened to the rear fender with a piece of laundry string, I carried a Thermos of water, a box lunch, half a dozen leaded bucktails, three large peppers, each with a wire leader, and a box of No. 1 hooks. I had come to Whale Bay to catch bonefish, but, knowing the erratic behavior of these elusive creatures, I had come prepared for anything else that happened to be around, from barracuda to pompano.

Down on the shore I found a triangle of sand wedged into the cliff and stored my gear on a flat ledge. The tide was still too high to wade far out, so I walked in the shallows to see if any pompano were there. Pompano are the ideal fish to fill the gap between a high and low tide. The water was like glass except near the shore, where it bulged momentarily before collapsing onto the sand. If anyone ever conducts a poll among ears to find out what sound they receive with the greatest pleasure, mine will surely cast their vote for the sound that moving water makes when it encounters land on a still, hot summer morning. I walked out about 10 yards and threw a handful of bread as far ahead of me as I could. Then I went back to shore and put another piece of bread on a No. 1 hook. When I returned I found the chum line bristling with a dozen or more smallish black fins, plainly visible above the surface. They were not large pompano, perhaps a pound or less. A fly rod would have served better, but after a few clumsy casts I managed to reach the edge of the chum line and let it go at that. Pompano fishing is pure comedy. Once they have hooked themselves, they behave like low-voltage sparks dancing through the water. "You don't really mean this, do you?" they say, shooting off in front of you, and when they find that yes! you do mean it,

continued



WED
IN THE
WOOD*



OLD THOMPSON

BLENDED WHISKEY

THE DIFFERENCE IN TASTE IS TERRIFIC!

**It's the only blend we know of that's put back in the barrel to "marry" after blending instead of being bottled immediately.*



HORIZONTAL STRETCH

JACKET: 68% COTTON BLENDED WITH 32% STRETCH YARN OF DU PONT NYLON. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT FABRICS OR CLOTHES SHOWN.

DU PONT STRETCH NYLON IN ACTION!

New idea in jackets: Cotton blended with Du Pont stretch nylon—a jacket that stretches when you do, moves when you move for complete freedom of action. More: Du Pont stretch nylon keeps this good-looking jacket in shape. Keeps it smooth and neat. Makes it rugged and comfortable, as well. A great jacket to own—so own one!



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

McGREGOR

makes this great stretch-action jacket in many colors, patterns. It's called "X-Panel". At fine stores, about \$17.95.

WHALE BAY continued

they turn around and shoot back toward you. At least this is what the first pompano I caught that day did. He dived between my legs after a brief frenzied run and promptly beached himself in two inches of water. I imagine they are used to this, though. Much of their feeding is done in the surf, consequently they have heavy ribs and strong, flat bodies. Certainly this fish bore no marks and apparently lost no appetite from his collision with the beach, he promptly returned to the chum line when I released him.

And what did he find when he got there? I was surprised myself. The school had moved back to make room for a gray snapper, a six-pounder at least, that had ghosted in from deeper water. I can think of fish I would rather catch in place of snappers, but as long as he was there, nobly slurping down the large chunks of bread floating on the surface, I tied on a popper and threw it about two feet in front of him. I had never heard of anyone taking a snapper on a popper. Unlike pompano, snappers are serious-minded fish and just a little bit dull as a result. Their movements are methodical and slow. This one rose under the plug like a big inflated plastic bag, stopped within inches of the hook and came no closer. He was undecided, and so was I. Would twitching the popper make him strike? A bass might fall for a trick like that, but I wasn't sure about a snapper. Still, we couldn't stay here like this all day, at least I couldn't. I finally gave in. As soon as the bait moved, the fish sank underneath it, turned around and swam leisurely off down the shoreline. Dull fish, these snappers.

The capacity that a place has for producing the unexpected is what makes it an interesting place to fish. This is why I prefer Whale Bay to Bermuda's most famous fishing hole, the Challenger Banks, a pair of heavyweights 10 miles off the southern shore. Catch a good day out there and you can boat tuna from dawn to sunset, but on a bad day the



tedium is killing. This is when the skipper breaks out the beer and his sleepy mate crawls forward to dream about Whale Bay. The boy knows that if bonefish fail to show up, sooner or later another fish will. I knew this, too, and, after losing the snapper I climbed up the cliff to see what the other fish would be.

It was jack, about 15 or 20 of them, all schooling just inside the reefs. I sat down on a rock to watch them, hoping they eventually would move closer to shore. Some fish are as pleasant to watch as they are to catch, especially in water as clear as this. These jack were blowing around the place like bright leaves, scattering one moment, collecting a moment later against the blue shadows of a reef. All of them were about the same size, three to four pounds. I caught one on a yellow bucktail when the school moved into the shallows. But suddenly the school disappeared, and I went back up the cliff to wait for something else to come along. It was like fishing in an illuminated showcase: you waited for the fish to appear, then stepped through the glass to catch it.

I was hoping to see a barracuda, "animalized water," to appropriate Thoreau's phrase. On other mornings I had waded Whale Bay when barracuda were so numerous that it was like wading through a log jam. The largest bonefish I have ever seen I lost because a barracuda beat him to the bait and promptly cut the line. Today, however, barracuda were singularly scarce. While I was waiting for them to appear, a cow came out of the trees ringing the bell around its neck. From here the only sound in the whole vast morning. The cow belonged to a Portuguese dairy farmer whose house

occupied a small valley visible from the road. One of the farmer's hired hands, whose name I never knew because he spoke no English, helped me land the first bonefish I ever caught at Whale Bay, and I never passed the house or saw one of the cows without thinking about that somewhat curious moment in history when on account of a fish a Portuguese's excitement was exceeded by an American's.

A charter boat cleared the southwestern end of the island on its way to

Challenger Banks. I couldn't tell whose boat it was, but looking at it—a splash of white on a blue backdrop—I imagined my skipper friend's pennant flying boldly from one of the outriggers, real fish, and wondered whether his wayward mate was aboard and, if so, whether the mate might not at that very moment be scanning the shoreline through binoculars and saying pensively to himself, yes, in another half hour the tide ought to be right for some *unreal* bonefishing.

I almost waved to the poor boy as I stood up and slithered down the cliff. If there were barracuda around, I couldn't see them.

Bonefishing requires very little in the way of equipment. This is one of its joys. A good six-pound line, some leaded bucktails, a pair of Polaroid glasses—these are all you need. At Whale Bay you can even do without shoes. Wading here is like walking on white velvet, shifting and cool as your feet sink into it. Walking through water on bare feet, you draw into yourself some of the place and, as I walked across Whale Bay that morning, I thought of Loren Eiseley's memorable description (in *The Immense Journey*) of his sensations while floating naked down the broad stretches of the Platte River: "I was streaming alive through the hot and working ferment of the sun, or oozing secretively through shady thickets. I was water and the unspeakable alchemies that gestate and take shape in water...."

I reached a ridge of sand a hundred or so yards from shore, and there an alchemy, or something as subtle, took shape in front of me. It was a vague

continued



you're
in championship
form with

Ballston socks

Unless you're in BALLSTON, your socks are as outdated as the pin ball. BALLSTONs hang in there frame after frame to take the jar out of quick starts and the friction out of slides. And BALLSTONs are neat, trim — terrific shrink resistance keeps BALLSTONs up where they belong.

be on the
ball with

Ballston
LASTING WEAR IN EVERY PAIR

BALLSTON KNITTING CO., INC. Ballston Spa, N. Y.

WHALE BAY

movement, more shadow than substance, glimpsed out of the corner of one eye. A better fisherman would have waited before trusting his cast to a movement. I cast. The bucktail had no more than touched the water before it reappeared in the mouth of a needlefish, a "poor man's marlin," with razors for teeth. After a few flashy acrobatics, the fish cut the line, and I was lighter by a bucktail. As I say, a better fisherman would have waited.

I plowed on down the ridge. Here the water was about a foot deep, an ideal place for bonefishing, but a depth not at all representative of Whale Bay, with its pockets and draws. The average depth, I would say, was about three feet, and that, as anyone will tell you, is more water than a bonefish needs to exercise undetected his odd habit of feeding on his nose. "Tailing" bonefish are unknown in Bermuda, and as a consequence the fishermen who stalk them use somewhat different tactics from those they would pursue off the Florida Keys or in the Bahamas. They don't look for exposed tails. They look for shadows, a moving discoloration of the white bottom. At certain times of the day, owing to a trick of the light, these discolorations stand out clearer than at other times. On cloudy or overcast days you might as well stay home. The best bonefisherman in Bermuda, Pete Perinchieff, can see a bonefish as far away as 25 yards. To do this, though, he calls upon more than good eyes. He calls upon a mechanism within him that has been geared to respond to a hunch. My powers of hunch, however, were only about a third the voltage of his, and as a result the fish enjoyed a great advantage.

I waded along in one of those trances that you fall into while fishing alone in a white shadeless world of glare and heat. The sun fogs your mind. Your eyes cringe behind dark shields. Sweet rolls off the end of your nose. At one point a movement of air around the back of my neck caused me to turn around. A bird was there, hovering not three feet behind me. It was a longtail. I looked straight into its eyes. The tips of its trailing feathers were yellow and wet, and a splinter of shell was stuck to one side of its beak. It was as close as I'll ever come to conversing with a bird. The bird hung there for how long? I'll never know. Thirty seconds, perhaps; perhaps a minute. I had an idea that it couldn't find a barra-

cuda and needed someone to open a ball of fry it had located. Then it released its hold on the air and slowly drifted away.

Soon after this I saw my first bonefish: three of them, about six pounds each, grubbing in the sand directly in front of me. They were going in the same direction I was. This meant that in order to put the lure in front of them where they could see it I would have to lay the line across their backs. I doubted if they would stand for that. Nevertheless, I tried. As soon as the bucktail touched the water they spooked—faster to follow than anything that swims, like three silver bullets being sprayed over the bottom. The curator of the Bermuda Government Aquarium, Louis S. Mowbray, once lost all the bonefish he had collected when a photographer fired a flashgun in front of the tank and sent all the fish crashing into the rear wall, an indication of their speed and wattiness.

The next fish appeared an hour later, a big single, and I got a shot at him approaching. The lure fell about 10 feet in front of him. There was never a moment's doubt that he was going to pick it up. I struck when he turned—which he did with a jerk in a boil of sand. I struck him again. This time he probably felt the hook and lurched away from it, maybe surprised to find the hook still there. He rolled, but still the hook followed. In the first shocking wonder of this he was confused. A moment later, however, he had stripped three-quarters of the line from the reel. A running bonefish is encrusted with clichés, barnacle-like effusions that record our inability to perceive sheer exhalation. A splinter of steel, a sliver of sun these may be what we see; but what we feel is the hum of freedom being generated in a wild creature, a hum which the line conducts straight into our being. This is the mystery that draws the skipper's mate to Whale Bay. He wants to touch freedom, to lay his hands on the pulse of the sea. This is all he asks the fish to give him. Other fish can give him food; much better food than this one can. This one, running off with a hook in his mouth, lets him know what it means to be free, and having felt this, the boy will let the fish go. Why keep it? It had already given him everything.

The rest belongs in a footnote.

My fish broke the line 250 yards in front of me. Disappointed? No. Whale Bay had given me enough that day. **END**



The TR-4: IT WON ITS FIRST MEDAL STANDING STILL

 Triumph's new sports car won its first gold medal only six days after its introduction. A first prize for coachwork at the famous Earls Court Show, London. The TR-4 took this one standing still. No wonder. For a mere \$2849,* the TR-4 gives you leather bucket seats, thick carpets, an ingenious and completely rain-proof top, new roll-up windows...and a collection of luxuries you used to find only in marques costing thousands more. How will the TR-4 do on the road? Let's put it this way: its companion,

the TR-3, won more silverware from rallies than any other car in history. The TR-4 has even more power—plus higher torque, wider track, more sensitive steering, synchromesh in all forward speeds. So stand back! As for fun: the TR-4's responses are much brighter and quicker than any ordinary car's possibly could be. And it's quite a feeling when you're going 40, to know you could be doing 110. Ask one of the 50,000 U.S. Triumph owners. Better yet, get a test drive at any of the 650-plus Triumph dealers in all 50 states and Canada.



TRIUMPH

*MSRP plus destination and optional. Slightly higher when Standard Coach Motor Company Inc., U.S. 415 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y., imports. Contact: Triumph (Canada) Ltd., 1443 Highway Avenue West, Toronto 16, Ontario.



Little man with a big lock on records

He's 115-pound Gray Simons, the winningest college wrestler ever, who this week tries for his third straight NCAA title

Lock Haven, tucked away among the ridges and rills of the Bald Eagle Mountains in north central Pennsylvania, is the home of Piper airplanes, of several new department stores along Main Street and, temporarily, of a slightly bowlegged, scrawny, 5-foot 3-inch transplanted Southerner named Elliott Gray Simons Jr.

A senior at Lock Haven State College, Gray Simons is the best college wrestler in America and a heavy favorite to retain the National Collegiate Athletic Association 115-pound title (which he won as a sophomore and as a junior) at the championships this week in Stillwater, Okla. Simons has won 81 consecutive college matches—a record.

As small as the 22-year-old Simons is, he has big hands, exceptional balance and muscles that feel as though they had been sculpted out of marble. On the mat he is an aggressive, catlike foe who can move with the speed of an opportunistic cat and make opponents pay dearly for their slightest blunders. During the season he wrestles at 123 pounds, but for tournaments he gets down to 115, and it is at that weight that he has won most of his trophies, which include, among others, the award last year as the Outstanding Wrestler in the NCAA meet. Saturday night he won the NAIA (small college) championship for the fourth time in a row (nobody else ever has), and for the fourth time he was voted that meet's outstanding wrestler.

Only twice has Simons lost in college. Both defeats came in his freshman year, and since then he has been unbeatable—almost. He did lose two bouts at the Rome Olympics, but Simons had two serious problems there: his wrestling style, which is perfect for college rules but unsuited to Olympic rules, and his weight. "I found that in freestyle wrestling I could use the same takedowns as in college, but I had to change, oh, I guess you'd call it my philosophy or strategy, when I was on top of my man," Simons said recently. "I had always been taught to be prepared to counter the other man's moves. In the Olympics you have to initiate the action when you're on top. You have to go for the pin and not worry about being reversed."

Even more bothersome for Simons was getting his weight down and keeping it there. In college tournaments, wrestlers are given two or three pounds' allowance after the first day of competition. Simons had to get down to 114.5 pounds and hold the weight for six

days. Even on his small frame, that was like stretching a squirrel hide over a bass drum. Still, it took him a brief 2:08 to pin his first opponent.

Simons led 2-0 in his next match against Ahmet Bilek, a Turk, and the eventual gold medal winner, when he made a minute tactical error. Before he could recover, Bilek rolled to his left, taking Simons with him and brushing Gray's shoulders across the mat for a touch fall, or pin. For Americans the touch fall is the most exasperating aspect of Olympic wrestling. It requires merely that a man's shoulders touch the mat for an instant. In this country a pin is not achieved until a man's shoulders are held to the mat for two seconds.

Before being eliminated, Simons scored one of the biggest upsets of the Olympics by winning a 6-2 decision from Ali Akiev, a Russian who was a world champion in 1959 and again last year. Although Simons did not win a medal, he finally placed fifth.

Shy but successful

Like many successful young athletes, Gray Simons has always been dreadfully shy in public, but around his family and friends the bumpkin in him disappears and his face, slightly hollowed and accentuated by dark, heavy eyebrows, becomes serene and confident. He began wrestling in the eighth grade at Granby High School in Norfolk, Va. By the time he had graduated he had won 40 of 44 matches and one state championship.

"I used to rattle in the front yard [and "in every corner of the house," according to his mother] with my brother Wayne," Simons says. "We'd try out different holds and tricks, and that helped me a lot." Wayne, too, benefited. Wrestling for Granby, Wayne became a four-time state finalist and was undefeated in 58 bouts. Now, as a sophomore, he is the varsity 130-pounder for the nation's leading team, Oklahoma State.

A week after Simons began classes at Lock Haven his father died. To cut expenses, Simons moved off campus and into a home in town with two elderly widows. In exchange for tending the coal furnace the women gave him a free room. "They try to feed me, too," Simons says, somewhat awed.

Late in January, against Bloomsburg State College, Simons gave his finest college performance. Bloomsburg had taken the state teachers college championship for the past two years and victory again seemed certain when, a few

days before the match, Simons tore a cartilage in his chest and appeared to be definitely sidelined. But on the day of the match Lock Haven Coach Herb Jack was taken to the hospital, a pneumonia victim, and Bill Radford, another Granby High boy, who wrestles at 157 pounds, was also hospitalized because of an infected boil. Simons, who had almost nothing to gain and a lot to lose, decided he would try to give his team a lift by competing in spite of his injury.

With more than 4,000 spectators crushed into every corner of Lock Haven's Thomas Field House, Simons took on Joel Melitski. As he almost always does, Simons got a first-period take-down, giving him a 2-0 lead. His injury, however, was more serious than he had believed, and he was unable to hold his man. Melitski's escape gave him one point. Thanks to his amazing speed, Simons was able to score more take-downs (each one after the first is worth one point), but always had to let Melitski escape. Thus Simons led 5-4 as the bout neared the end.

By this time the wrestling-wise crowd (Lock Haven people date on the sport and point with pride to a local boy, Mike Johnson, who won a record 84 straight matches before entering Pittsburgh last fall) realized from the way sweat poured off Simons and the way he winced occasionally that he was hurt. Melitski sensed it, too, and went for a takedown. Simons staved him off, backtracked, moved out of reach—and then jumped in. He got another takedown, but again had to let Melitski go. A few seconds later the match ended, with Simons a 6-5 winner. Some people in the stands cried. Without Simons' victory (his 72nd in a row), Lock Haven would have lost. With it, the team got its 17th straight win, 16-12.

Simons is healthy now, and in practice he has been moving with his old, effortless grace, countering takedown attempts like a mosquito avoiding a swatter, then, with a flick, moving in for the kill. In the defense of his 115-pound title, Simons will compete against such outstanding wrestlers as Oklahoma State's Mark McCracken (who has been 17-0 in dual meets for the past two years), Colorado State's Gil Sanchez (8-1 this season, and a former AAU champion) and Lehigh's Bill Merriam (9-0-1), and if he gets by them, as he should, he will successfully close out college wrestling's finest career.

END

WHALEBOAT STAMINA



16' fiberglass runabouts only \$1070 and \$995*

Unleash either of these sleek speedsters . . . Comet or Meteor . . . and streak out for pure pleasure afloat. Turn and twist . . . they're as nimble as dancers. Their timeless design is as functional as that of the clipper ship. And, it'll be as modern many boating years hence as it is today. Lapstrake construction provides bull strength and a ride soft as down. Comet and Meteor differ in colors and in seating. Both have a lengthy standard equipment list. OBC rating is 15 to 80 hp. Ask your Starcraft dealer to show you the full one-year guarantee. Write for free color catalog today.

STARCRAFT

*l.o.b. factory

STARCRAFT BOAT CO. DEPT. 51-3 • GOSHEN, INDIANA

Mar. 22



For goodlooking relaxing, wherever you are, it's Sir Pendleton. This is the lightweight wool shirt to wear now and from now on. It's a shirt that fits as a shirt should, and—a bonus—patterned styles are machine-washable.

Pendleton® all year! always virgin wool



For additional information, write Dept. 45, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 1, Oregon

©1962 P W M

ON 5,000 WELL-TENDED ACRES AT CAMDEN, HORSEMEN FIND ONE OF FEW COUNTERPARTS OF EUROPEAN TRAINING AREAS

A long view of racing

Shunning the big purses of the winter, some trainers still prepare for the late-season classics in the traditional manner

As the slowly warming Carolina morning sun streaked through the tall pines and settled on his rough winter coat, the 3-year-old didn't move a muscle or blink an eye. In fact, as his visitors circled him like a curious group examining a work of sculpture, the colt seemed bored. "There," said one of the curious, "is the horse who will win this year's Belmont Stakes."

The creature who was the center of attraction one bright day in Camden, S.C. last week is named Cyane. Winner of last year's Belmont Futurity for the Christiana Stable of Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Lunger, Cyane is big and rugged and has a fine masculine head with strikingly bold eyes. His trainer, the veteran Henry S. Clark, a wise Maryland horseman not much given to optimism, says Cyane has one particularly admirable trait: his wonderfully placid disposition. "In his races," says Clark, "you can place this colt anywhere and he'll do exactly what you want him to do. And in the morning, it's the same. He'll go five-eighths in

59 or 104, whatever you ask for. This is a tremendous asset in any horse."

Cyane is by Turn-to, also the sire of Sir Gaylord and Dead Ahead, and he is out of a Beau Pere mare named Your Game. On both sides, he is bred for classic distances. What may be even more of an asset to him is the fact that his owner-trainer team belongs to a diminishing band of horsemen that has resisted the temptations of winter racing in favor of a long winter rest followed by gradual conditioning at one of the country's few ideal training centers. Cyane, it is true, would not have made it to the winter races even if the Lungers and Clark had wanted him to. In winning the Belmont Futurity over Jaipur and Sir Gaylord, he suffered a hairline fracture of the pastern bone just below his right front ankle. No operation was necessary, but the colt was given a three-month rest in Maryland before shipping with the rest of the Clark string to Camden on January 15—by which time many of Cyane's contemporary 3-year-olds were in some de-

manding races in Florida and California.

"If I'm old-fashioned about training," Clark said last week, "I'm glad I'm the way I am. My grandfather had a theory about horses that still makes sense to me: quit on Thanksgiving Day, begin galloping in February and never start racing until April. In his time, and it must still be true today, horses that follow that schedule in most cases last longer. Why? Because horses must have rest, and it's impossible to give them a rest if you race all the year round. I have nothing against the Kentucky Derby for which we didn't nominate Cyane. But I believe a horse that does not race in winter is at a great disadvantage entering the Derby against seasoned colts. In that case it does seem the Derby comes too soon to run that far."

If Henry Clark is taking his time with Cyane and another Christiana Stable prospect for the Belmont named Smart, he could have hardly picked a better spot than Camden. It is one of the state's three major training centers. The others are Aiken and Columbia. Although South Carolina does not have pari-mutuel betting, its racing history goes back to competition in Charleston in 1734.

The Carolina climate is perfect for training, and horses seem to benefit from the high iodine content of the local water. Horses work over ground that is a combination of deep sand and loam, excellent for conditioning, if not for record speed tests.

Last week at Aiken, where a superb training track has been built on ground once used for polo, a big crowd showed up for the Aiken Trials. The week before, similar trials were held, mostly for 2-year-olds, at Columbia. From there, Max Hirsch sent out the King Ranch colt Middleground in 1950 to become the last colt to win the Kentucky Derby without benefit of winter racing.

The setup at Camden is equal to that at Aiken. Some 75 miles from Charlotte, N.C. and 30 miles northeast of Columbia in the cotton and pulp belt, it offers facilities spread over 1,000 acres owned by Mrs. Marion duPont Scott, also the mistress of Montpelier farm. Camden is the closest parallel we have to the lovely gallops of England's Newmarket Heath.

The horses go in single file from area to area on paths lined with tall pines, also reminiscent of the forest of Chantilly. There, too, horsemen still believe that horses require a variety of training experience unobtainable in the daily routine at American racetracks.

At Camden this year, besides Henry Clark, are such highly respected horsemen as Tom Waller, Downey Bossal, Jim Ryan, Ivor Balding, Joe Nash and Tom Barry. Barry, it will be remembered, first brought Cavan and then Celtic Ash up from Camden to win the Belmont Stakes. He has nothing ready to do it again—so he says.

Cocktails and racing

In addition to the one-mile training track at Camden there are hundreds of acres devoted to hurdle and steeplechase horses. In the past 20 years at least 70% of all leading jumpers either started their careers or later trained on Mrs. Scott's acreage. Next week more of the best jumpers will draw 25,000 to Camden for the traditional Carolina Cup, on a festive day of racing which the local population also considers one of the world's greatest outdoor cocktail parties. It is a pleasant place to be—and there are pleasant people on hand, notably those owners and trainers who realize that participation in flat racing should add up to something more than trying to win money anywhere and anytime.

END

FREEMAN



SHOES FOR AMERICA'S
BEST-DRESSED MEN

Singing star *Gordon Mac Rae*

awards the Medal to this Freeman Master-Flex blucher... a sturdy style that's ounces lighter than an ordinary shoe, flexible as a willow branch and boasting a buoyant cushioned insole.



Comfortable,
flexible and lighter
weight. This blucher is pliable
Black Smooth Kalf, or Brown Kat.

Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin
America's Largest Exclusive Makers of Men's Fine Shoes

May 5



Now depend on Sir Pendleton—your good companion
around the course and around the seasons. It's easy-tailored
... Pendleton's own lively woolsens—as comfortable in
May as in December. That's comfortable!

Pendleton all year!



always virgin wool

For additional information write Dept. 45, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 1, Oregon

©1952 P.W.M.

Voices from the wings

Master Crewman Paul Elvstrom gave the orders aboard Denmark's winning boat, but the thoroughly beaten Russians had the last word

Early this month boats from 16 countries, the most thoroughly international small boat flotilla ever seen in the U.S., arrived in St. Petersburg, Fla. for the world championships in the Flying Dutchman class. From Italy came Defending World Champion Mario Capio's sleek green *Alpa*; from Norway the pale blue hull of Olympic Champion Peder Lunde. The Soviets appeared with a boat, the first they had ever brought to race in America. Australia got there, too, but not until Skipper Rolly Tasker and his strapping, tow-headed crewman Andy White had indulged in some heroic backyard naval architecture.

"We were here four days," said Tasker, "and the boat still hadn't arrived. We were getting a bit hot under the collar."

When the boat finally showed up, they got hotter still—her transom had been smashed in shipment, Tasker and White turned to with their tool kit, rebuilt the stern and submitted the boat to the race committee for official measurement.

"Two inches too long," said the mea-

sures. Back went Tasker to the toolbox, sawed an inch off the bow, planed an inch off the stern, and this time the boat skinned through.

Finally came the most deadly earnest of all the competitors, Danish Sailmaker Paul Elvstrom, who had already won four Olympic gold sailing medals and five world championships in various other classes. "I am here," said the hardheaded Elvstrom, "to prove that Elvstrom sails can beat the others in the Flying Dutchman class as they have in all the other classes." Elvstrom then confirmed the reports that he would sail as crew, while a protégé (and employee of the Elvstrom sail loft), Hans Fogh, would skipper. Here again Elvstrom was being practical. Should Hans Fogh lose, there would be no loss of Elvstrom pride. But if Elvstrom as skipper should lose then Elvstrom the sailmaker would also be a loser.

Elvstrom need not have worried, even though the regatta was close. While England, Norway and Australia went all out



DANISH SKIPPER FOGH HEARS FROM

to take a race each in the first three of the series of seven, Elvstrom nursed his young pupil safely into second place each time. In the fourth race the wind blew a gusty 25 mph, and as the boats swept around the course, Elvstrom coached and scolded Fogh: "When you can beat me every time, you can tell me how to sail. Then you can say everything I say to you." As each puff of wind came in, Elvstrom moved his 200-pound frame with weightless agility around the confines of the 19-foot Dutchman, sliding

HIKING OUT ON STRAPS AND CREW'S TRAPEZE, AUSTRALIANS TASKER (LEFT) AND WHITE SKIM ACROSS TAMPA BAY AT 14 KNOTS





ELVSTROM AS HE PUTS BOAT ABOUT

smoothly in and out on the tricky crewman's trapeze, trying to keep the boat up on a plane. His moods changed with the wind. A calm, and his face grew solemn as an Oriental's, his eyes almost closed. His head twisted slowly for glimpses of other boats. Then came another puff. The boat spurted over the finish line the winner of the fourth race; his moonish face became furrowed and he broke into a gap-toothed grin.

Three races later, after a safe seventh, a third and a classic start in the last race

continued

Frank Zappala



Greatest safety feature since brakes



seat belts of *caprolan nylon*



Forty-five percent of all fatal accidents occur at speeds of less than 40 miles an hour*...a sound reason why even careful drivers need seat belts. Seat belts of Caprolan® nylon offer you the widest range of upholstery-coordinated colors. Available everywhere.

(*National Safety Council Figures for 1961)

Fiber Marketing Dept., 261 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16



June 9



Come summer, and it's smooth sailing, with Sir Pendleton aboard. Naturally! Here's the habit forming wool shirt with the wide comfort range—cool enough for now, warm enough for next season and next season. 17 95-18 95

Pendleton® all year!

For additional information, write Dept. 45, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 1, Oregon



always virgin wool

©1962 T.W.M.



New woods with
concave heads get the
ball up and away

SPALDING EXECUTIVE WOODS



Greatest improvement in golf woods since steel shafts. The unique concave head means that the center of gravity is lower. On both tee and fairway shots, you get into the ball for proper loft, more distance. And the face insert is so solidly bonded that screws aren't needed. Result: tremendous impact, extra yardage.

Top-Flite Executive Woods—like Executive Irons—are matched in perfect balance through Spalding's exclusive Synchro-Dyned® process. They are designed for golfers able to pay a bit more for superb performance combined with striking appearance. Available only through golf professional shops.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

BOATING *continued*

that forced the very fast and determined Australian boat into a disastrous tacking duel, Elvstrom and company had whipped up the regatta.

Afterward, Hans Fogh, the protégé, made no bones about why the Danish boat had won and left no doubt who, in his mind, was the master of the sailing world. "I have never seen a Dutchman as fast as the Australian boat," he said, "but their tactics were poor. The race was our good tactics against their fast boat."

Whose good tactics?

"The boss, Paul," said Fogh. "He very smart in the head."

Well back in the rack at St. Petersburg, 13th in fact, came the Russian boat. But the Soviets still managed to get in the last word. Aleksei Promislov, head of the Soviet Yachting Federation, announced that by 1964 Russia would begin preparations for an America's Cup challenge. Before then, though, there are two rather serious problems to overcome.

First, nobody in Russia knows how to make modern, synthetic sailcloth. But the Soviets are already at work on that one. In St. Petersburg they grabbed hold of Sol Lampert, a hustling New York textile man who controls America's supply of Dacron and nylon sailcloth. According to Lampert, "They asked me would I go to Russia and see why they can't make decent fabric. I said yes, if I get a real invitation. They said, 'For how much?' and I said I'd do it for nothing. If they challenge I don't want them saying they lost because their sails were no good."

That still left one snag. The cup rules, as set down by the New York Yacht Club, specify a challenge must come from a recognized yacht club. This will be a bit sticky in Russia, where private clubmanship is not encouraged. Nonetheless, George Hinman, past commodore of the New York club, indicated a Russian challenge would be seriously entertained. "That would be a special circumstance," he said, "like some colleges don't have fraternities. But I'm sure the Russians would have a suitable group."

And if Russia won?

"You have a perverted sense of humor," he said. "But I can't think of anything that would bring about the building of more Twelves on our part to get it back."

AND



New irons with focal
facing to help groove
your swing

SPALDING EXECUTIVE IRONS



Intelligently designed to help improve your game. This new Focal Facing frames the ball in exact hitting position. Clubhead is flared at the toe for better line-up vision. The slightly rounded leading edge gets the ball away cleanly in fairway or rough. New Top-Flite Executives are easily the finest golf irons ever crafted.

And, like Spalding's Executive Woods, they're Synchro-Dyned® to match in perfect balance. Maskings and trim are in gold. Top-Flite Executive Irons and Woods are built for the golfer able to pay a bit more for superb performance combined with striking appearance. Available only through golf professional shops.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

Ohio Conference does no better than some high schools: \$25 per football game, \$20 per basketball game. The collegiate scales elsewhere range between these. "Our biggest problem is money," says John Nucato of the Eastern College Athletic Conference. When Eddie Wagner of the Big Five quit three years ago he said basketball officiating at any price was "blood money."

One solution that has been widely tried is to use officials who are already in a high-income bracket and to whom officiating is more or less a hobby. "A lot of us," says Alex George of the Big Eight, "are making more money than the coaches who jump us." The Big Ten roster includes an executive of Libbey-Owens-Ford, a sheriff, a mayor and a Chicago police captain. Two in the Southeastern Conference are state legislators. "The best official," says Whack Hyder of Georgia Tech, "is the man who works for the love of the game and not because of economic necessity." Not all coaches agree. Kentucky's Adolph Rupp objects to putting his career in the hands of a 575-a-night amateur. He advocates full-time officials.

But an onerous problem for any official is the blackball, which is given more respectable names by people who deny its existence: "grading," for instance, or "rating." It is, definitively, the method by which a coach can exclude an unwanted referee. The process is considered democratic in most sections of the country because it requires a ma-

jority vote to become effective. To stay on the "approved list" in the Big Ten, an official must have the vote of six members; in the Southwest Conference, five of eight. If a coach doesn't want a certain official, he marks him off—and when assignments are made he usually doesn't get him. The Southeastern Conference, which now uses the mark-off system, or "scratch," made an attempt a year or so ago to grade officials after each game. Winning coaches gave grades averaging 8.3 of a possible 10. Losers gave grades averaging 3.8. The conference threw out the results. "Coaches," said an official, "were just too prejudiced."

There is no blackball in the National Football League, which hires its men after an investigation by an association of ex-FBI men and makes them responsible only to Supervisor Mike Wilson and League President Pete Rozelle. Coaches grade officials, but only "in hopes" that the league will take action against the bad ones, if any. Borga requires that complaints against NBA officials "be only on integrity and hustle. You can't legislate against judgment."

Ironically, the turbulence over officiating comes at a time when efforts to cure its ills are being intensified. Clinics and instructional groups for officials have become popular. The NFL gives preseason tests and last fall for the first time flew its entire staff to Chicago for a clinic. John Bunn of Colorado State, editor of the national basketball rules committee, has made strides toward standardizing officiating. Big Eight football officials meet three hours before a game to discuss the probabilities of the day. The Big

Ten has produced a clinical film, and two schools, Ohio State and Ohio University, invite officials to oversee their football practice sessions. As Coach Bill Hess of Ohio U. says, "The officials welcome the chance to improve their techniques. We get better in practice, not on game days. It's the same with officials." Hess's team led the nation in 1961 with the lowest number of penalties.

Other suggestions, none of which have prompted much action, are these:

Big Ten Commissioner Bill Reed would have officials serve a 10-year apprenticeship. Detroit Coach Jim Miller suggests a sixth official for football, one who could call downfield penalties from the press box. Tut Melman, Pittsburgh official, wants three officials for basketball, and Kansas State Coach Tex Winter would have them call games from isolation booths. Charley Eckman would like to see a corps of better-paid basketball referees, "traveling the country and increasing their consistency." He would also apply the three-second rule to defensive players to open up the middle, "where 90% of your fouls are committed and all the fights start."

Officials unanimously recommend a national gag rule for coaches, elimination of the blackball and the keeping of movie reviews on the amusement pages. No matter what is done, some action, most coaches and officials believe, is better than none. But it is unlikely a real solution will be reached until officials are granted as much power to discipline higher-paid coaches as \$15,000-a-year baseball umpires have over \$40,000-a-year managers. **END**

\$100,000 SLIP

continued from page 25

to the Rangers and as much as \$300,000—if they go on to win the Stanley Cup. Each Ranger stands to collect at least an extra \$1,000 as a result of the penalty shot.

Standing to lose at least as much as the Rangers stood to gain, the Red Wings were so numbed by the defeat that they went to Boston the following night and were beaten 4-0 by a sixth-place team that had not won a single game in the previous 20. Having missed the playoffs only once in the last 19 years (1939), the Wings had become accustomed to thinking of playoff loot as part of their normal salary, while to the

hungry Rangers it was almost pie in the sky.

From Detroit General Manager Jack Adams on down, the Wings roared that Prentice, as the man fouled, should have taken the penalty shot. "The ref gave New York the game on a wrong call," declared Coach Sid Abel. "After that, I knew we were going to get rapped when we played Boston." It might have made no difference which of the two New Yorkers took the shot. Prentice, who ranks among the first 15 in the scoring list, is a pretty fair shooter himself. But this year's revised rules state clearly that the fouled player (i.e., Prentice) should take it, so there was ample grounds for the Red Wing beef. In any case, the decision once made was final.

By the end of the week, when Montreal, Toronto and Chicago had secured their places as first, second and third in the race, even Abel had managed to recapture more than a glimmer of hope. "You know what I taught myself thinking?" he asked *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Correspondent Pete Waldmeir. "What happens if we're tied up with New York again going into the last game. We play Montreal here and Chicago plays at New York. Now, Montreal, I tell myself, has first place all wrapped up, so Geoffrion and Beliveau will want to rest up for the playoffs. We win Chicago, with third place clinched, has the same lack of incentive, but maybe Bobby Hull's going for his 50th goal. New York loses . . . I'm getting wacky." **END**



A KOOKIE ADVENTURE IN THE BALKANS

by ANTHONY CARSON

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

A British writer and an American photographer discover behind the Iron Curtain some unexpected attractions: a philosophical barmaid, a Miami-like beach resort, a love-sick Iraqi emissary and a sports festival that is striking in its beauty

We sat in Stedl's Bierstube in Vienna eating seasoned pork and drinking huge tankards of Goesser beer. Maps were spread out all over the table, and we traced the highway route from Vienna through Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria to Istanbul. We walked about Vienna. There was Cooke, the photographer, from New York, Ahata from West Germany, Maggie and myself from London. In Socher's, a tall, elderly man with all the burdens of Vienna sitting lightly on his back caressed the keys of a stately piano and mocked the present with the ghosts and glitter of the past.

The next day we set off for the frontier. As we approached it, we could see a mile of barbed wire, scorched earth and tall, sinister observation posts. "Let's go back home," said Maggie. But getting through was surprisingly easy. The frontier building was equipped with a magnificent-looking bar, tables covered with handwoven linen, and cupboards shining with bottles. I tried to get a drink, but was waved away.

"No drink," said an official. The bar was a sort of museum, eternally dry. We drove off into Hungary, stopped at the nearest village and entered an espresso bar, where we drank wine. At the next table sat a truck driver and his superintendent; they too offered us wine and the truck driver, exalted by three rich bottles, gave Maggie a present of a cigarette lighter.

"Hungarian," he said. "For you," Cooke, who is an expert on Curtain affairs and speaks fluent Russian,

picked it up and inspected it carefully. "Czech," he said.

We arrived in Budapest and went to the Gellert Hotel. Outside this massive rococo building stood a phalanx of expensive automobiles, and there was a flurry of uniformed commissionaires and bellboys. We presented our passports and our coupons, which cover rooms and meals and must be rigidly adhered to. We climbed by lift to an enormous white restaurant that was shuddering to the gusts of Magyar violins. Besides the restaurant there were three bars and a gift shop stuffed with Hungarian dolls and souvenir knick-knacks. One bar was downstairs, small and claustrophobic, with velvet curtains, thick with the international scandal and the intellectual clichés that everlastingly bob like corks above the waters of tragedy. The bar on the second floor was open till 4 o'clock in the morning, all shaded lights and nostalgic piano flitting with the '30s, crammed with young Hungarians and their smartly dressed women.

The next day I discovered a strange restaurant near by called the Apostolok. At first I thought I had entered a private chapel. I could see a tomb, pews, a pulpit and wall mosaics of the 12 Apostles. I even imagined I could smell incense, but it turned out to be paprika, and a crowd of people were eating and drinking. We drank tankards of quite good beer and then had a lunch of goulash and sour cream. We drove around to the press attaché's office in the Foreign Ministry to see about visas. He recommended

The baths had a genuine Russian air. Some bathers were locked in each other's arms like lost mariners, voyaging up and down.

continued

ed a restaurant called the Matyas Cellar and wrote us out a list of dishes, including fish soup, pork goulash and pancakes with chocolate sauce and added a choice of white and red wines.

In the afternoon we took a ferry up the Danube to Margaret Island, passing the sad, ghostly buildings of Budapest, weedy and elegant like a faded beauty. We landed in a kind of decorous pleasure garden equipped with open-air theaters, sports stadiums and flowered walks. Young people, sedate and Western-looking, strolled about, drank beer and jived smoothly to an open-air dance band playing *Stardust* and *Chicago*. Later, after dinner at the Cellar, soothed by more passionate violins and foreign ministry wines, Cooke and I went to a nightclub.

This was Budapest, the Budapest hidden by the conspiracy of epulent, chat-

tering hotels, tourist violins and colored brochures. It was not one of those hygienic folk exhibitions intended to throw dust in the eyes of the visitor; there was not one single sob of a Magyar fiddle; the people were there to enjoy themselves; they were solid, vigorous, resistant and Hungarian. You first entered a long bar and beyond that was a graceful kind of theater with tables and chairs for the audience, balconies and the stage.

Behind the bar stood Marta. Everything stopped for Marta. It was not merely that she was beautiful and young. She was gallant. Tempests, rebellions, wars, spies, treachery and the violence of man's stupidity passed over her like a spring shower.

"Where are you going?" she asked us.

"Romania and Bulgaria," I said.

"Hell," she said.

"Why hell?" I asked.

"The further east you go the worse it gets. What do you want to drink?"

"Brandy," I said.

"What kind?"

"Hungarian," I said.

"You're crazy," said Marta.

From the saloon we peeped in at the stage show. A smooth mosaic of oldtime jazz, a nimble, comic conjuror and a chorus of young girls, sparkling as early-bird song—exquisite sprites untrapped by the monsters of publicity and electronic greed.

The following afternoon we discovered some thermal baths around behind the Gellert Hotel, where we were staying. They had been patronized by the ancient Romans and the invading Turks, and you entered a large hallway like the entrance to a better-class public library and then climbed up and down mysterious staircases that led to the male and



Under a full moon, the Communist-sponsored Universiade—an international sports festival—opens in the stadium in Sofia, capital of Bulgaria.

female disrobing sections. The actual baths had a quite genuine, gloomy Roman air and were divided into two parts, the pool one swam in and another, smaller, pool for soaking. The swimming pool was large, with a normal temperature, and appeared conventional, but after you had crossed it two or three times the water would suddenly erupt as if there had been a minor submarine explosion.

The four of us left this pool and walked over to explore the smaller one. It was crowded with people, up to their necks in water, who made you think of the unfathomable, immobile bliss of hippopotami in a jungle river. A few lining the sides of the pool, locked in each other's arms like lost mariners, swayed gently up and down in the soft current. It was primeval. The four of us stepped down into it, Cooke holding his camera equipment in a towel, and found the water warm, soporific and strangely murky. Opposite us a very sad man with a walrus mustache, who lay pillowed in the bosom of his wife, slowly emerged and buried his head in his hands. There was another man who had learned the art of making fountains out of his cupped hands and wandered about the pool dodging the minnow thrusts of small boys (the only lively organisms in the place), producing higher and better jets to the glory of some ancient Hungarian water deity who had survived the abolition of the personality cult.

Cooke now got to work. He rose out of the water, unfolded his camera from a towel on the marble shelf and ranged around the pool, stalking his prey with a camouflaged, casual air that almost made him invisible. The linked, water-soaked couples were too absorbed in each other to notice him. Only walrus mustache, after at least five minutes of camera closeup, gave a tiny glare; he started to emerge from the depths, then subsided into the water with a sigh. After that the effort was too much for all of us, and we too slid back into the water, Maggie and I, Anita and Cooke, somnolent and waterlogged.

In the morning we set out for Debrecen and the Rumanian border. We were halfway to Debrecen when Cooke suddenly stopped the car and studied the map.

"This is awful," said Cooke.

"What's happened?" I asked.

"The map," said Cooke. "It can get us into real trouble. A spy trial, for in-



Carton and Cooke started in Vienna (upper left), crossed the Iron Curtain into Hungary, visited Budapest, Bucharest, the Black Sea and Sofia, and came back through the Carpatian into Turkey.

stance. It's a map of Rumania and I bought it in Vienna. Look what's written on the bottom." He handed it to me and I started reading:

"Published by D. Survey, War Office and Air Ministry, 1958. . . . Users noting errors or omissions on the map are requested to mark them hereon and forward directly to Director of Military Survey, War Office, London."

"It looks bad," I said and had gloomy thoughts about brainwashing. When we arrived at Debrecen there were flags all over the place, and at the hotel where we ate we were told they were holding a Bartok choir festival. We were asked to vacate our table and sit at another.

"This is for the Welsh choir," said a waiter importantly.

In the late evening, after a drive through dull, flat country, we arrived at the Hungarian frontier.

We were through in no time. We drove half a mile along the usual no man's land and stopped at the barrier of Rumania. This frontier looked very grim. It reminded me of awkward and unnerving incidents when I was in the army, harried by sergeant majors. The area was completely soulless, run by a bevy of brutal corporals, with an occasional officer, armed to the teeth, teetering in the background. There was a small, quite frightening female official connected with the customs. She and another official examined our passports and gave

one of those hopeless frontier laughs.

"You can't enter Rumania," she said.

"Can't enter Rumania?" cried Cooke.

"Impossible," she said and disappeared. We stared at the terrible barracks buildings, and again I saw one of those false bars which never operated, and a soldier played a cynical air on a guitar somewhere in the fading light. Lines of cars stretched behind us. An hour later a cat appeared and provided a commotion by catching a mouse under our automobile.

"A bad augury," said Maggie. I suddenly thought of the map. Twenty minutes later the lady official appeared again. The map was not the problem.

"Your passports all have different frontiers," she said. "Except you," she said, pointing at me. "You're all right." With secret smugness, I felt superior to my three companions.

"What do we do?" asked Cooke.

"We are phoning Bucharest," she said. We waited another hour, ringed round with insolent corporals, and then an officer appeared.

"All is well," he said, saluting. "Welcome to Rumania."

We had been 10 minutes in Rumania when we realized we were almost out of petrol and would never reach Cluj, where we were going to pass the night. We stopped at the nearest small town and looked for petrol pumps. All the garages were shut. Finally we found a group of

continued

those aimless night-trapped young men you find in any provincial town in the world, busy escaping the conformist mold, idle with slick dreams. One of them climbed into our car and directed us to an army depot crammed with trucks. A soldier in a fur-lined coat sleepily helped us siphon army petrol into our tank and gratefully pocketed the money. We drove on.

"How did you get that army petrol so easily?" I asked.

"I spoke Russian," said Cooke. "It gives them a jolt, like a voice beyond the grave."

At last we reached Cluj. It was raining. We found the hotel and crept in. At the reception counter stood a man whose face was riddled with secret thoughts and whose breath vibrated with alcohol. I longed to ask him for a brandy.

"Ah," he said. "Cuk and Curson."

"And these two ladies," said Cooke, waving.

"No ladies," said the clerk. "Just Cuk and Curson. One room for two persons."

"Why?" I shouted.

"The hotel is full," said the clerk. "Just one room for two persons, Cuk and Curson. One room for two persons." At this point Cooke began to speak Russian. The reception clerk sagged a little and picked up a telephone and had quite a long conversation, then replaced the receiver.

"There has been some mistake," he said in a low voice. "In actual fact the hotel is entirely empty. I will show you to your rooms." Each of us received a suite with bath.

The next day we set off to Brasov. The country approaching it is wildly romantic, with rolling hills, distant mountains and sheets of gleaming water. Cattle and sheep graze—strange kinds of cattle, something like Indian water buffalo—and in the dips of the hills we could see gypsies, untamed as wolves, swarthy as Africa. Whenever Cooke stopped to photograph them they would run up the slope toward us shouting, and inevitably one of the group would bend over and show us his posterior. This gesture and the shouting could have been interpreted in different ways, but we never stopped long enough to find out. As evening fell the countryside became more desolate, and we passed derelict-looking villages huddled in a kind of wilderness. Then suddenly, with a triumphant roar from our engine, we pulled up outside a huge

building blazing with lights. It was our hotel in Brasov.

In the hotel restaurant we were nearly deafened by a blast of demon jazz played by a 15-piece orchestra. People were jiving on the dance floor, and the tables were crammed with Czechs, East Germans, Cubans, Romanians, Poles and Koreans. This was really the beginning of holiday country, and the shouts and cheers and the hysterical saxophones left you in no doubt about it. In the morning we visited the large open market opposite the hotel. All these markets are, in fact, run by free enterprise and the stall holders pay a small rent to the state. There were masses of fruit, clothing, vegetables, ironmongery; you could even buy inflatable pigs' bladders, which were designed, we discovered, to be filled with some kind of Rumanian haggis. Cooke bought one of these for me, and then we found a stall with a display of primitive paintings. We returned to the automobile loaded with some of these, the pig's bladder, cheeses, hot peppers and mountains of fruit, waved goodbye to Brasov and set off for the South Carpathians. We paused briefly in Bucharest in the early morning and continued toward Mamaia.

On the road to Mamaia we met the wide gleaming face of the Danube making its way to its exotic delta. It had to be crossed by a ferry, which consisted of planks of wood nailed together, and nothing else, no railing. On this occasion the ferry contained a number of motorcycles, two cars—ours and an opulent black Russian sedan—and a crowd of passengers, a group of whom crouched over the water singing to a guitar. The black windows of the Russian car were half obscured by curtains, but we could glimpse the furious face of a man with a black beard, furious, perhaps, at the proximity of our car. When the owner of the beard finally emerged to take the air, we saw a tall, wonderfully proportioned man in the robes of an Orthodox priest, possibly an archimandrite. The emanation of his presence, the splendor of his bearing and the electric distinction of his features made one think, somehow, of John Barrymore. Two rather tough-looking men accompanied him, terribly out of place in the mystical atmosphere created by his appearance. Nobody on the ferry, except us, took any notice of him. But this did not seem to

matter to him; he turned his magnificent eyes to the Danube, and when the ferry landed on the other side, strode onto the shore and up the bank, stroked his beard and waited for his black car. It drove off into the unknown. For hours afterward we thought about him and discussed him. Where was he bound? Would we see him bobbing about in the waves of the Black Sea, free and gay, or was the stage set for an ambush of a state miracle?

It was late evening when we saw the glow of tall buildings, a flicker of jeweled lights and the moonlit sea.

"Miami!" shouted Cooke, stopping the car and seizing his color camera. "Pure Miami," he repeated, and his voice sounded homesick. In fact, from this distance, the huge hotels of Mamaia looked like a millionaire's dream, like fairyland on credit. They looked just as good as one got nearer, edifices of glass and abstract buttresses, gleaming transparent restaurants and cool 20th-century kiosks lit with neon. Our hotel was called the Yalta, one of the superluxury class. The lounge was spacious and magnificent, with exquisite carpets and sweeping stairs but, one painfully learned, there was no lift. One ascended mountains of stairs, with intervals of carpeted hallways, and entered a passable room with a sad, chipped bathroom.

The hotel restaurant appeared splendid—white-coated waiters and a welcoming silver platter of hors d'oeuvres, including quite a monstrous helping of Danube delta red caviar. Toward the end of the meal we heard discordant singing at the top end of the room. It made me think of Saturday night in Blackpool. A swarm of healthy, energetic and tipsy men swayed through the restaurant, one of them stopping at our table, kissing the girls' hands and offering them artificial roses they had lifted from the tables.

"Czechs," explained the waiter.

Most of the people in Mamaia were young, and all of them possessed a secret sort of elegance, a well-preserved Latin quality you observed in clothes, gestures, bikinis and the charming colored fabric shelters they installed on the beach.

We stayed for two days in Mamaia,

continued

Bikinis and rich swimmers are a common sight on the beaches of the Black Sea. The resort town of Mamaia in Rumania has sleek modern hotels, is a favored Communist playground.





Two solid German fräuleins in implausible Sahara dress pose self-consciously, spears at the ready, aboard aristocratic camels at Golden Sands, Bulgaria.

swimming, sunbathing and sailing on the Black Sea and on the fresh-water lake that is only a few hundred yards from the seashore itself. Then we set off for the frontier. We arrived at Constanta on Sunday, and it happened to be the great day of Rumanian state celebration, the anniversary of the country's liberation from the Germans. Nearly all the shops in the town held pictures of the President, Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, benevolently beaming at the crowds from a face of subdued respectability.

We reached the Bulgarian frontier and, as usual, waited for clearance. We watched the customs officer picking blackberries across the road. Maggie was fascinated. She loves fruit, the wilder the better. She ran over and joined the customs officer, squatting beside him and plucking fruit from the tiny dwarf bushes. Cooke found Radio Sofia on his transistor radio, a burst of lifting music, oddly Irish. Anita got out of the car and Maggie left the blackberries and Cooke stopped adjusting his cameras, and we all danced in the open space opposite the frontier building. The customs officer stood up and applauded. Then there was a tiny popping in the distance, and a motorcycle with sidecar appeared. An officer hopped out, saluted and said, "All is in order. You may proceed to Bulgaria." We prepared to drive off when suddenly the customs officer intervened.

"I demand to inspect all your luggage," he said in Russian. Cooke translated. Maggie was instantly disgusted.

"And we've been picking blackberries together," she said.

The customs officer shook his head. "Blackberries are not subject to the laws of excise," he said. He inspected thoroughly, waved his hand, saluted, and we drove into Bulgaria.

We reached a place called Golden Sands, on the Black Sea near the small town of Varna. Anita, who had proved to be something of an expert on Black Sea resorts, suddenly declared, "Somewhere in Golden Sands there are camels."

"Camels?" said Cooke.

"Camels in Bulgaria?" I said.

We reached our hotel. It could have been anywhere on the Riviera. Our rooms were discreetly furnished, there were shaded lights, and downstairs there was a supersuburban bar, full of chintz and subdued illumination, open till 4 in the morning.

Next morning Cooke and I cruised

around. We had begun to walk along the sands when Cooke shouted.

"Camels!" He pointed. "There they are!" I saw them standing on the gleaming sands, surrounded by a small crowd. There were two of them, and near by was a sort of kiosk with a woman selling tickets. An elderly man and his wife and their two daughters, solidly German, were buying tickets—the elderly man giving the impression of a retired bank manager, and his wife, wearing spectacles, slightly operatic, a Brunnehilde gone to seed. They put on Tuareg linen and veils, the bank manager was given a spear, and his wife and two daughters were equipped with enormous harem earrings. They then mounted the camels and were photographed by the state photographer. The white-swathed group stared grimly at the spectators, who stared grimly back, and the camels chewed derisively at everybody and everything and dreamed of empty, burning Asia.

The next day we drove to Sofia and pulled up at the Balkan Hotel. This is a vast, very smart, rambling edifice crammed with different kinds of restaurants, lounges and bars. There is even a late-night cabaret that specializes in Balkan folk dancing—and very good it is too—punctuated by a sort of Scottish shouting and a pleasant kind of male vanity. While we were strolling around, Cooke and I met a man with a blazer and an R.A.F. mustache who wore an swagga in his buttonhole.

"You in the sports festival?" he asked.

"What sports festival?" I said.

"Here in Sofia," said the Englishman in the blazer. "The Universiade. Held in the sports stadium. Amateur, of course, strictly aboveboard. All countries represented. We've got a splendid lot of chaps. Starts tomorrow."

We decided to stay. We had a very good meal at one of the Balkan Hotel restaurants. About five tables away was a party of hard drinkers, evidently not Bulgarian, who were attacking a large bottle of whisky.

"Is that Scotch whisky?" asked Maggie.

"Go and see" we said. Maggie walked over to the table.

"It is Scotch whisky," said Maggie, when she had returned. "One of the men asked me to come to Bagdad. His name is Ali Baba."



They deserve a free world. And you can help give it to them by building for the future with U.S. Savings Bonds.

How to save for a home and a better world to build it in

With your dollars and cents, any architect can specify plenty of bricks, plaster and paint. But he can't include specifications for the kind of world your house will go up in.

Yet fewer Americans would deny that a better world is among the most important "specifications" in any plans for tomorrow. And that's why so many people are buying U.S. Savings Bonds today.

You see, money invested in Bonds is just about the hardest-working money around. As it's growing for you, Uncle Sam uses it to keep the money matters of America firmly in hand. And to show to the world the strength of a system of free men working together.

Pretty good reasons for buying U.S. Savings Bonds. Include enough of them in your plans for your future.

This man has world-wide ambitions. One of the ways to keep him in check is to keep up our financial strength—no individual and as a Nation.



Keep freedom in your future with
U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



This advertisement is donated by
The Advertising Council and this magazine.

continued

"Nonsense," I said.

"It is true," said Maggie. Cooke invited him over to our table, we bought whisky (at \$5 a bottle) and settled in for the evening. Mr. Ali Baba had the traditional face of the Oriental merchant—he could have been thousands of years old, and was sad, fatalistically sad, about girls.

"All of you," he said, waving his arm

of them all." He finished his glass of whisky, flourished a wad of American dollars, bought more drinks and returned to the subject of love. Half an hour later he passed out, all guile gone, a suddenly overgrown child.

We were joined by a tall, good-looking, well-dressed young man who turned out to be a fiercely Communist East German, and a terrible argument broke out

the same time you have free access to all forms of public transport, cinemas, museums and places of historic interest."

"Thank you," said Cooke, "but we have a car."

"Incidentally," said another official, "when you report this function, kindly try to suffuse a little warmth and light into your article in order to illumine the clouds of chaos and misunderstanding which cover and confuse our world."

"I will do my best," I promised.

The feeling in Sofia was electric. The opening of the sports festival that night held more attention than even a political crisis. All of us set off for the stadium and found very good seats in the press section. Cooke descended into the arena of the stadium, paddling about anonymously among the marching groups and their flag and standard bearers. The stadium itself was packed, the people were like flies, searchlights blazed, and around the arena marched an almost endless procession of delegates. Every country was represented, it seemed, except the U.S. Cooke felt rather touchy about this—he even visited the American Embassy and asked an official about it.

"Lack of funds," the official said with a wink.

Great Britain passed and received a good round of applause. It was followed by Cuba, and there was an ovation, the flies buzzed in tiered seats and all the press gallery stood and waved their programs. Italy, Japan, Austria, Ireland, Indonesia—the pride of international youth solemnly paraded under our eyes to the meticulous regimental music of two brass bands. Finally all stood still in flagged phalanxes, and the speeches began, the searchlights spotlight the rostrum, and the words roared and tumbled over the arena and the packed flies, and the stars quivered down.

At last the speeches ended, the phalanxes dissolved and marched back to the exits and a large contingent of the youth of Bulgaria entered the arena. There were young men and girls who, with what appeared to be effortless ease but what, in fact, represented months and months of rigorous rehearsal and self-discipline, performed a constantly changing pattern of gymnastic virtuosity. Not only the individual dancers, but the patterns and evolutions of the group seen as a whole, from above, achieved a great sense of harmony, aesthetic satisfaction and even wit.

continued



Chorus in a Budapest nightclub has attractive Hungarian girls in Western polka dot bikinis.

at all of us, but mostly at Maggie and Anita. "I invite, here and now, to Baghdad."

"Thank you very much," I said.

"I have done some very good business," he continued, "and am ready for enjoyment. Here is my card. I am a contractor for the Iraqi quartermaster stores in Baghdad and have negotiated a contract with the Bulgarian government for the manufacture of shirts for our army." He turned to me rather sadly. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I tried your War Office, but the price was far too high. It is a pity. But at the same time, it should be understood, the Bulgarians have a high regard for us Iraqis, and we respect their 100% Communist regime and principles. Make no mistake about it, Bulgaria is the most Communist state

between him and Cooke and Anita, who is a West German girl. The argument dwindled, and the East German man was gazing into the eyes of the West German woman, and it was the old river without frontiers. We had more whisky, and Cooke and I discussed the sports festival.

"We have to be accredited there," said Cooke. It was now 5 a.m. Suddenly Ali Baba woke up.

"Bagdad," he said, waving a finger at us. We went to bed.

In the morning Cooke and I went to the offices of the Universade, headquarters for the sports festival. "Ah," said an official, jumping up to greet us with a will-powered smile. "You are Mr. Kik and Mr. Kasson. We will be pleased to afford you every assistance, provide you with accredited press cards, and at



LIFE PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL FODGLEN

Great moments live in LIFE

The countdown was over. The great rocket began to lift into space . . .

And in the Glenn living room, a LIFE photographer caught a great human moment: the faces of Annie, Lyn, and David Glenn as they watched on television John Glenn blast off from earth.

This was the story nobody saw—the moving, personal story of the Glenn family during five fateful

hours. But 28,000,000 adult readers *did* see it, in LIFE.

Such close-in looks at the world's great moments are a part of LIFE's greatness—"the LIFE touch." No other magazine communicates with its readers with such immediacy and warmth. Naturally, no other magazine audience responds so warmly to what they read in its pages. LIFE . . . **LIFE** a great magazine of human experience.

Then suddenly a group of the Bulgarian young men emitted a prolonged roar. It was dramatic but disturbing.

"What are they shouting?" I asked someone and was told: "Peace with justice, friendship to all nations."

"Highly commendable," I said, but somehow the roar went on too long. Somebody from somewhere had *inspired* it; surely it was not really necessary at this juncture. When it ceased there was sudden quiet and beauty flashing before our eyes, a stylized exhibition of folk dancing, punctuated by a wonderfully rehearsed irresponsibility, a merging and dissolving of groups that spoke of genius. The groups disappeared, the bands played and suddenly the air was racked with thunder, the explosions shattered your eardrums.

"War's started," said Magge, holding on to my arm. But the sky flowered with fireworks—orange, blue, green and red stars floated like petals to the ground, and the opening ceremonies were all over.

The next morning we had to go on to Turkey. A few miles from the frontier the roads became completely disastrous, a state of affairs to be equaled only by certain long stretches in Yugoslavia, all mud and chaotic earth, and we thought the car would give out. But at last we arrived at the frontier. Everything was superbly easy, and the officials were polite, helpful and efficient. With no trouble we were out of Bulgaria and in Turkey.

Turkey. The frontier building was a converted mosque, and in front of the mosque was an expensive Buick, its hood smashed into pulp. It could have been there for a year. We entered the building and joined in the friendly confusion and wrangling that signified the joys and sorrows of semiprivate enterprise, the world we knew best. After an hour of form-filling and tedious explanation we left the building and walked to our automobile. Someone was standing in front of it. He had a face at once optimistic and hopeless, the old, quick expression of the fatalistic East. It was Mr. Ali Baba.

"I have found you," he cried, shaking our hands.

"But we thought you had gone to Bagdad," said Cooke.

"No," he said. "I am coming with you to Istanbul. I am going to ask one of your ladies to marry me."

END



Hennessy is there—not just after dinner, but for the whole evening.
Enjoy its delightful flavor on the rocks or in highballs.

**HENNESSY SUPREMACY
IS MAINTAINED BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST STOCKS
OF CHOICE COGNACS.**

84 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

Wherever you go  you look better in an Arrow shirt



Photographed in Paris on a Holiday Abroad via **SABENA** Intercontinental Jet



JOIN THE ARROW GALLERY

Watch the Masters
Golf Tournament
on CBS-TV, April 7-8.
Brought to you by Arrow.

Color lively as a Montmartre original . . . Arrow Palette Prints.
Bright splashes of color in bold new patterns. These new Golden
Arrow sport shirts are of extra luxurious 100% cotton. Contour
tailored for trim fit. "Sanforized" labeled. Montmartre pattern (above),
and 5 other prints, 5.00.
Matching Lady Arrow, 5.00.

—ARROW—

**JET
INTO
ACTION!**



THE SANDS HOTEL in fabulous Las Vegas is a swift five hours or less from the farthest point in the U.S.A.! This luxurious desert resort hotel offers you all the dignity and graciousness of hospitality in the Grand Continental manner—plus the fascinating excitement of Monte Carlo. Sit ringside at the Copa Room, America's No. 1 Night Club, where the brightest stars in show business entertain nightly. Enjoy **FREE GOLF**, swimming, riding, boating, fishing, spectacular sightseeing—or just plain lazing in the sun at The Sands. Climate—perfect! The ultimate in food, fun and fantasy await your every pleasure. So pamper yourself now with a long week-end visit or an unforgettable long vacation at the exciting Sands Hotel. Jet to it!

THE **Sands**
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

COMPLETE CONVENTION FACILITIES including Private Meeting and Dining Rooms.

NOW BOOKING FUTURE RESERVATIONS. Call your Local Travel Agent or our Nearest Office: ■ Chicago/CENtral 6-3517

■ Dallas/Riverside 2-6958 ■ Las Vegas/REgent 5-9111 ■ Los Angeles/BRadshaw 2-4611 ■ New York/PLaza 7-4664

■ Pittsburgh/EXpress 1-4028 ■ San Francisco/EXbrook 7-5287 ■ Toronto/EMpire 2-6728



Champions of the Garlic Derby

They're off and reeking at Le Trianon, with a press agent lurking behind the racing snails

by **ROBERT DE ROOS**

When Kevin Keating, the public relations man for Le Trianon restaurant in San Francisco, decided to hold the first International Snail Derby in 1958, he had no idea of the perilous trail he had so naively set out to blaze. Putting together a football bowl game is simple compared to setting up a snail race. For a bowl game you get two teams, print some tickets and hire a stadium. Keating had to round up competitors for his snail derby, decide how they should compete and then persuade them to participate.

The owners of Le Trianon: Paul Dufour, the chef; James Coulot, the master of the cellar and bar; and Jean Lapuyade, the master of the restaurant—all more or less fresh from France—were delighted with the idea of a snail race. Keating sent out many press releases announcing the event. Then he was struck by a succession of sobering thoughts: He had not seen a live snail for 20 years; he did not know where to get snails; he had no idea what motivates a snail.

As race day approached, Keating engaged himself in research. All the while he kept assuring the boys at Le Trianon that everything was proceeding smoothly. The library had remarkably little information on snails. The encyclopedia said that snails are gastropods of the phylum Mollusca, which includes limpets, periwinkles, the common whelk and slugs. Keating spoke to scholars at the California Academy of Sciences. He learned that many snails are nocturnal and most are right-handed—that is,

their shells spiral to the right. Keating found it impossible to purchase snails and was reduced to pursuing them at night in Golden Gate Park.

The snails turned out to be bashful beasts. For several days Keating could not entice them from their shells. He first shook them gently and then harder. He tickled them with a small paint brush. He offered them lettuce, grass, ranunculus leaves and mint. It was a week before he discovered that a bit of water dropped in the orifice of the shell impelled the creatures to emerge. Once out, they refused to move more than a few inches. Then they showed withdrawal symptoms and slumped back into their shells.

It was a frustrating time for Keating. His business is communication and he could not get through to the snails. "You can't say, 'Go!' to a snail," he complained. "Or, 'Whoa!'" But he gradually made progress. He found the snails would "run" on a wet track; if he dribbled water in front of them, they would follow the moist path fairly well.

Keating commissioned André Laherrère, an artist, to create a suitable track. It was two feet long with racing lanes of balsa wood on a green ground. The snails, however, refused to stay in their lanes. They poked their antennae in and out gingerly and glided in slow circles. Some of them oozed on the bias, crossing from lane to lane.

This problem was solved when Laherrère saw some tiny plastic sulkies in a 5¢ and 10¢ store. He redesigned the

race course: with the wheels of the sulkies running in grooves, the snails, attached to the carts by adhesive tape, were kept on a straight course.

That first snail race was a resounding success. Rival press agents cursed Keating and wished they had thought of snail racing. Le Trianon was mentioned favorably in newspapers, on the radio and TV.

The next year's race was equally successful, and Keating thought his labors were over. But, a few days before the 1960 race, Paul Dufour, the chef, threw a bomb. "I will not stand for another race in which the common California garden snail is entered," he said. "We must have the genuine *escargot de Bourgogne*."

"It is a small matter," said Keating. But it turned out to be a very large matter. First, Keating poked up the phone and, ultimately, got through to

continued

In the U. S. A. ... But Isles Away...
Fabulous

indies house

On the exotic Florida Keys
DUCK KEY, FLORIDA



Florida's warmest winter climate—
 world-renowned fishing—golf—
 tennis—swimming.

The birds are flying at Belmont Manor

**Now—One Week
 Guest Membership
 in the Exclusive
 Belmont Manor Golf Club**

7 Day Golf Special

Extended March 12th to May 1st 1982

7 Days—6 Nights

Modified American Plan (14) Breakfast and Dinner

\$95⁰⁰

Includes
 Green Fees

Per Person, Double Occupancy Basis. Extra Night—
 \$14.50 Per Person. Large, Double Rooms With Bath.



Belmont Manor

Golf and Country Club

Warren, Bermuda

See your travel agent

Represented by Leonard Hotels, 21 & Assoc.,
 132 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10017
 Washington, Chicago, Denver, Miami, Atlanta, Toronto

**When you write to
 Sports Illustrated
 about your sub-
 scription...**

DEC 61 GAN L1850998182 01
 MR JOHN GRANT
 850 LAKE SHORE DR
 LAKE SHORE CLUB
 CHICAGO 11 ILL

... please be sure to include the address label from a recent issue of the magazine. It will save time, prevent mix-ups and speed service to you.

Aside from telling us who you are and where you live, your address label (with some assistance from an electronic computer) opens the door to a flood of other information about your subscription... helps us answer your questions, revise your address, correct an error quickly and accurately. So, whenever—and whenever you write, don't forget to send an address label, too. And when you're moving to a new address, please notify us five weeks in advance.

Sports Illustrated

540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Garlic Derby *continued*

Genevieve Hayat, a girl who works for Trans World Airlines in Paris. "We must have snails," he said. "The edible snails of Burgundy."

"You can get them in cans," said Mlle. Hayat.

"They must be alive."

Then Keating found that the Department of Agriculture has rules against the importation of live snails. The department does not care to have any



foreign snails attacking its agriculture.

Keating got off a letter: "Could the snails enter the United States under a work permit, as performers? To be returned to France after the race?" The department did not answer.

Teletypes and cables rattled from San Francisco to New York and Paris. Whole squads of TWA people were involved. Finally, TWA obtained clearance from the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine. The snails could enter the country but must be destroyed after the race. Bob Brady, TWA's man in San Francisco, swore he would be in at the death.

The snails entered the U.S. via TWA jet, passed their inspection at Idlewild and arrived at Le Trianon. They were immediately given names and assigned to various owners:

Bonne Fille, to represent Le Trianon; Jacques Pott, the Mapes Hotel in Reno; Oui Oui for Ramponneau's in Paris; Muchos Gracias, entered in the name of Dario Borzani of Restaurant Rivoli, Mexico City; L. A. Dodger, entered by Patsy D'Amore of the Villa Capri, Hollywood; Irish Eyes from P. J. Moriarty's chop houses in New York.

Le Trianon was awash with gaiety. The scarlet and gold draperies glowed elegantly. Plaster cupids on the walls beamed in a cherubic way. There was champagne and a gala buffet. There were beautiful women from Japan, Korea,

Australia and China, underdressed girls from Gay Nineties saloons, the consul general of a small Central American republic and a representative of the Reno Chamber of Commerce.

On a table, in the middle of the room, the Snail-O-Drome gleamed green and white under the bright television lights. There was a sudden shout from the people around the race course and the snails mooched elastically down their lanes. Their handlers used swizzle sticks to drop water along the track. Immediately a clamor broke out among the photographers.

"Start them over," cried a newsreel photographer.

"Let 'em go," cried a photographer from the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

A television cameraman stepped down from his perch on a stepladder and arbitrarily moved all the snails back to the starting line. Patsy D'Amore, whose L.A. Dodger was leading by three-quarters of an inch, swore under his breath. Every time the snails broke for the finish line (at 00035 mph) some cameraman shoved them back. Before the actual race began, one snail, Irish Eyes, the P. J. Moriarty entry, was overcome by the heat of the lights and died, fizzing like seltzer water (rumors circulated that salt had been put on his lane). Amid threats and accusations, Bonne Fille, Le Trianon's snail, was declared the winner. "A fix if I ever saw one," snarled Patsy D'Amore.

After the race, Bob Brady, true to the word of TWA, stood by while Chef Du-four executed the French snails. Du-four did the deed by cooking them in butter and garlic, chopped onions and other good things. Then the snails were served to selected guests in accordance with Jean Lapuyade's classic pronouncement, the principle that has governed every International Snail Derby since then:

"All entries will become entrees."

Thus snail racing was established as the only sporting event in which the contestants are cooked and eaten. **END**



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA. PHILADELPHIA defeated Seattle 119-107 and 93-82 to take two games in the first of the Eastern Division semifinals. Philadelphia only once won in its six games. Boston is the favorite. With Chamberlain became the first player in NBA history to go over the 4,000-point mark. He set his record 4,029 after game five. The individual scoring title for the third straight year. **DETROIT** defeated Cincinnati twice (125-122 and 118-112) and lost to the Royals once (129-107) to lead in the Western Division playoffs.

BOXING—FRED MILLER of Newport Beach, Calif. sailed his Free fighter to only one victory in the amateur North American championships at Nottawa, but still retained his title with two seconds and three thirds for a total of 3,629 points, way ahead of some fine competition.

DOE SHOWS—CH. EDWARD'S REDDY CATHIE, an orange Percheron owned by Mary S. Bennett of Milford, N.Y., took top best-in-show honors in one weekend at the Harrisburg (Pa.) National Club and the National Capital Kennel Club in Washington, D.C. It was the third ribbon this week for Anne Hove Rogers, who was the handler for the three-week-old, 24-month-old Friesian.

FENCING—COLUMBIA had New York University lead the three-capsule Intercollegiate Fencing Association championships in New York, each with 39 points. It was the first in since 1938, and the first since four years that NYU had taken individual honors. Columbia's K. A. Sider, senior, Jacob Berman, sophomore, and Michelle Anne Wind, sophomore, all won. Columbia's Sider won the 270-thrust program, and that boosted Columbia to the tie.

FIGURE SKATING—DONALD JACKSON of Canada completed a triple Lutz, first time in international competition, to lead the men's world title away from Czechoslovakia's Karel Otrava, who was leading. He finally 48 points, going to the top of the American Championships. Jackson's brilliant performance, which left the judges giving him a 4.5-point verdict, won him 40.5 points.

SIOUXIE DIKSTRA, the blonde Dutch girl who won the European women's title earlier this month, put on another stellar display to take her second world title and a second U.S. championship of the American Figure Skating Association. Her partner, Mark, also won. **OTTO and MARIA JELINEK** of Canada won the pairs title and gracefully quit competitive skating.

HOCKEY—NHL. MONTREAL beat New York 2-0 to take their fifth consecutive league title, but New York and Detroit continued to battle for the fourth playoff spot. After losing to New York, 1-2, Detroit moved back into a game with Boston, giving the Bruins their first win (4-0) in six weeks, but the defeated Chicago 4-1 in six one-point games. The Rangers, who had Toronto 2-1 to win in fourth.

COLLEGE. MICHIGAN TECH kept the NCAA title for the West for the eighth year, sweeping away the best from the East. Clarkson Tech, 7-1, in Ithaca, N.Y. earlier, Michigan Tech and defeated St. Lawrence 4-1 in the first game in fourth and last place. Michigan came in third, finishing last in Clarkson 5-4. **AMATEUR.** SWEDEN won the Canada 5-4, 4-2, 4-1 to become a seven-time Canada Cup champion at the Denver and Colorado Springs world championships. Three defeated Canada won the world title. The Netherlands finally defeated the U.S. 11-0 to win the tournament's final double-header. **WRESTLING.** The Netherlands finally defeated the U.S. 11-0 to win the tournament's final double-header.

HORSE RACING—JAY FOX (544 88) with Lady Gilligan up was declared winner of the \$112,800 Golden Palace Handicap at Hialeah Park, Fla. when he won the first race. Lady Gilligan, a 10-year-old mare, won the race in 1:10. The Blue Bird Farm's four-year-old ran the 146 miles in 2:01.37 for a new \$72,000 purse, but he was not.

DADDY R (56-40), Ada L. Rios's Triple Crown hopeful, was 35, lengths ahead of the field in winning the \$24,000 Governor's Gold Cup at Del Mar. Ridden by Sunny Bonifant, he covered the seven furlongs in 1:25, only 2/5 second off the track record.

SKING—NI OHSI JR., 17, of Stockton, Calif. won the national event downhill for the second year in a row at the Big Bear Mountain. Major junior championships, and Dave Engen, also 17, of McGill, Idaho (son of 1948 Olympic jumper Corey Engen) took

the slalom. Cathy Nagel, 13-year-old daughter of another former Olympian, Jack Nagel, of Los Angeles, Wash., was clocked in 1:26.8 over a 4,500-foot downhill course. 12 seconds ahead of Sandra Boney, 18, of Auburn, Me., who also won the giant slalom. Meanwhile Boney's brother John was doing well in Newby's famed Holmenkollen event—he placed sixth in the Nordic combined. He had won an American Open giant slalom. Karen Vance, 16, of Spokane, Wash., who came through the slalom a full second faster than last year's winner, Roger Gustafson, 17, of Havertill, Mass., who took the giant slalom.

SWIMMING—PRINCETON took the first team title offered in the 25-year history of the Southeastern intercollegiate championships at Yale's outdoor course (25 yards) held at New Haven, Conn. Ten points were scored for the four top scorers. Princeton won with 20 points, followed by Yale with 15, then Duke with 10, and Stanford with 5. Princeton's 20 points were made up of 20 points for the 200-yard freestyle (also an NCAA record) and 43 for the 100-yard backstroke. Princeton's 40 points were made up of 20 points for the 200-yard freestyle and 20 for the 100-yard backstroke. Princeton's 40 points were made up of 20 points for the 200-yard freestyle and 20 for the 100-yard backstroke. Princeton's 40 points were made up of 20 points for the 200-yard freestyle and 20 for the 100-yard backstroke.

INDIANA all but drowned Michigan, 78-31, at the Big Ten final meet in Ann Arbor. The teams defied in 60 hours for the defending national champion Indiana (winning six of the eight individual events and both relays).

TRACK & FIELD—PETER SNELL from New Zealand to Japan and lowered the indoor record for 800 yards by 4 seconds, running the half-mile in 1:49.3 in the Japan championships in Tokyo. Snell also ran his first indoor mile in 4:06.7. John Dwyer took the mile with an unexpected 10-1 bet. 1-inch vault and Hines Jenson continued to win 84.99 high-jump title. With a time of 3:13.4, with a 100-yard dash and 100-yard dash. With a time of 3:13.4, with a 100-yard dash and 100-yard dash. With a time of 3:13.4, with a 100-yard dash and 100-yard dash.

BACK HOCKEY. In Cleveland TOM O'HARA, the 19-year-old captain of Chicago's youth team, took an indoor soccer record in his collection, the Knights of Columbus in 4:02.8. Lowest for 12-12 indoor track. Bill Chisholm beat George Kerr by three years in the 1,000-yard and ran in 2:11.6 and Frank Muhl finished his second indoor season by winning the 100-yard dash in 5.2. Bruce Kuhl of Toronto finished the two miles out of 100 and at fourth place behind four-year-old Billy Muhl of Yale (9:01.4).

WRESTLING—WALDEMAR RASZANDOW. SKI of Poland set a world record for the lightweight weight of 287.7 pounds (104 lbs) in the 100-pound weight class. He won the 100-pound weight class. He won the 100-pound weight class. He won the 100-pound weight class.

MILPOETS—MARRIED. CHUCK MCKINLEY of St. Louis, peppy annual indoor team champion and No. 2 singles player in Wayne Baxter of Houston. Both are students at Temple University. See Amos.

COMMISSIONER ROBERT J. KELLER. Los Angeles, lawyer, as candidate of the U.S. Davis Cup team. Keller, 49, has a past record of U.S. Davis Cup team and active tennis experience, starting as a Forest Hill, Calif. boy in age 11, and ending with the 1940 U.S. 14 senior and mixed hard-court doubles championships.

FRED EVERETT (SONNY) GRANDELUS. 31, football coach at the University of Colorado, dismissed by the Board of Regents by a vote of 3-1 because of "unprofessional conduct" in connection with the NCAA rules and regulations, including an alleged "black fund." (See page 2)

FACES IN THE CROWD



CHARLES AEDO of Hollywood, Calif. left the national indoor speed skating championships at Champaign, Ill. with the title and a record for two miles. Aedo, a communist, 340 miles a week on a 100-speed bicycle and aims to be in the 1964 Olympics, with skates or bike.



BLINA RUDAW sent a big-legged kid named Old Ben (after the Barley Creek elephant) into a March wind and it outflow 250 other entries in the annual Cones (N.Y.) Kay Day for best-of-shots honors. Blina is a third-grade pupil in the Princeton Grammar School.



ANDRE DELAHERIE, fencing coach at Navy, brought his squad to the first undefeated record for Annapolis in the past 10 years in their last regular meet Navy, with a 10-0 record. The team's 10-0 record was the first undefeated record for Annapolis in the past 10 years in their last regular meet Navy, with a 10-0 record.



SUZANNE KNOTT, a 17-year-old Columbia, Ohio high school sophomore, won the 1964 competitive 440-yd and 880-yd races at the women's national indoor championships in Louisville, broke the record with a time of 58.2, more than two seconds under the old record.



FRANK BUTTERWORTH, from Mt. Carmel, Conn. scored seven goals in a polo match against Yale to give Cornell its second straight intercollegiate championship and a team tournament's outstanding player award. He has riding of two goals outdoors, three indoors.



BILLY SEIBOLD JR., 21, of Granite City, Ill. came out on top when the National Golf Association counted racing points for 1961. Seibold was named professional driver of the year for taking 39 firsts, 16 seconds and 10,600 championship points in 79 NOA races last year.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2—drawing by Bill Dunning, 14, 15—UPI, 20—AP, 21—UPI, 22—UPI, 23—UPI, 24—UPI, 25—UPI, 26—UPI, 27—UPI, 28—UPI, 29—UPI, 30—UPI, 31—UPI, 32—UPI, 33—UPI, 34—UPI, 35—UPI, 36—UPI, 37—UPI, 38—UPI, 39—UPI, 40—UPI, 41—UPI, 42—UPI, 43—UPI, 44—UPI, 45—UPI, 46—UPI, 47—UPI, 48—UPI, 49—UPI, 50—UPI, 51—UPI, 52—UPI, 53—UPI, 54—UPI, 55—UPI, 56—UPI, 57—UPI, 58—UPI, 59—UPI, 60—UPI, 61—UPI, 62—UPI, 63—UPI, 64—UPI, 65—UPI, 66—UPI, 67—UPI, 68—UPI, 69—UPI, 70—UPI, 71—UPI, 72—UPI, 73—UPI, 74—UPI, 75—UPI, 76—UPI, 77—UPI, 78—UPI, 79—UPI, 80—UPI, 81—UPI, 82—UPI, 83—UPI, 84—UPI, 85—UPI, 86—UPI, 87—UPI, 88—UPI, 89—UPI, 90—UPI, 91—UPI, 92—UPI, 93—UPI, 94—UPI, 95—UPI, 96—UPI, 97—UPI, 98—UPI, 99—UPI, 100—UPI.

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The 1962 college basketball season was down to its last week as the postseason tournaments moved toward the championship rounds. And for once the biggest, and usually the most unpredictable—the NCAA—followed form reasonably closely. Defending champion Cincinnati and Ohio State (its most persistent challenger), Wake Forest and UCLA (the only longshot winners) all moved through the regional eliminations on the way to this weekend's semifinals and final at Louisville (see page 20).

THE NIT

Meanwhile, the National Invitation Tournament went about its own business in New York's Madison Square Garden. After three hectic sessions, only two things were certain. There would be a new champion, and any one of the six teams still left had a chance to win. While seeded St. John's and Bradley waited patiently for their opening quarterfinal games Tuesday, unseeded Dayton and Loyola of Chicago, two of the hottest teams in the tournament, moved assuredly into Thursday's semifinals.

Dayton was perhaps the most impressive. Big, fast, aggressive and opportunistic, the Flyers, who usually have their troubles in New York, had rarely looked better as they bowled over Wichita 79-71 and Houston 94-77. Wichita tried to rattle the Flyers with a tough press but it never quite came off. Dayton beat it by bringing 6-foot-6 Gary Roggenbuck up the sideline to help out Guards Gordy and Tom Hutton. Six-foot-10 Bill Chmielewski, a well-coordinated 235-pounder who had outshone pro scouts drooling, moved to a high post and Wichita's press deteriorated into a mad scramble to catch the fast-driving Hutton boys. When Wichita retreated, Chmielewski left 6-foot-10 Gene Wiley gaping in the pivot as he rolled around him for lay-ups, hooked and jumped from outside. He even handled the ball expertly, while Gordy Hutton slithered in and around the embattled Shockers for 19 points. It was pretty much the same story against Houston. The Cougars' press was broken early by Dayton and they just couldn't handle Chmielewski, who rounded the pivot like an angry bull and scored 32 points. Gordy Hutton raced around tirelessly until he accumulated 24.

Defending champion Providence went down in the very first round, but not without a struggle. Satisfied that 6-foot-10 Jim Hadnot would be too much for Temple's 6-foot-4 Russ Gordon off the boards, Providence Coach Joe Mullane thought he could con-

fuse the slick little Owls by opening with a man-to-man instead of the Friars' usual scrambling zone. But it didn't quite work that way. The graceful Gordon more than held his own with Hadnot, and little Bruce Drysdale's long-range two-hand set shots put Temple in front 36-30 at halftime. However Temple's hot hand turned cold when Providence returned to its familiar zone defense and ran off 16 straight points at the start of the second half. With 47 seconds to go, the Friars led 74-69 and the exuberant Providence rosters, who had kept the Garden jumping with cheers and music, were anticipating another NIT victory. But the Owls struck back swiftly to tie the score on Ed Devery's three points and Earl Proctor's medium jumper at the buzzer, and then won an overtime, 80-78.

For all Temple's skill and hustle, the Owls were no match for Loyola two nights later. The fast-breaking Ramblers dashed up and down the court with equal facility and the icy-cold Owls simply lacked the shots to match Loyola frontliners Jerry Harkness, Vic Rouse and Ron Miller, who flipped in a total of 49 points. Temple's shots hovered on the rim and dropped off, their usually impeccable zone defense scattered frantically when Loyola's John Egan and Mike Gavin invaded it with swift, driving thrusts, and Temple lost 75-64.

Duquesne and Holy Cross also scored first-round victories. The ambitious Dukes were never in serious trouble as they whipped Navy 70-58. The Middies moved the ball constantly in their beautifully disciplined patterns, but they just couldn't shoot worth a darn. They also couldn't stop Willie Sostrinat, a chunky little fellow who looks like a fireplug and moves like a jack rabbit. He led Navy a merry chase, barreling in to help big Clyde Arnold pick off rebounds, feeding off with whipping passes, and driving and jumping for 18 points.

Colorado State didn't have a chance against Holy Cross on St. Patrick's Day. The Crusaders started a lineup of Jack Foley, Bob Foley, Pat Gallagher, Joe Kelly and Pete O'Connor against the Rams, and these happy Irishmen celebrated by slipping past CSU 72-71. Jack Foley, a skinny stringbean with an unyielding desire to shoot and the eye to go with it, punned in 34 points while Bob Foley added 21 more and a muscle job (mostly undetected by the officials) on CSU's 6-foot-6 Bill Green in the pivot. But Green slithered away from his tormentor to make all 14 of his field goal attempts, and nine of his 11 free throws, for 37 points.



GRIMACING Jack Campbell of Mount St. Mary's gets wristlock on Sacramento State's Ron Robner as ball cludes both at Evansville.

THE SMALL COLLEGES

While the major colleges fired away in the big arenas, the NCAA small-college tournament in Evansville, Ind. and the NAIA championship in Kansas City were just as hectic.

Mount St. Mary's, a small school in Emmitsburg, Md., had done exceedingly well even before it got to Evansville. But the Mounties really blossomed there. First, they squeaked the ball even harder than defending champion Wisconsin and won 43-39. Then they turned to a zone defense to help them squeak by Southern Illinois 58-57 on little Ed Pfeiffer's 20-foot jump shot in the last second. In the final, Mount St. Mary's trailed Sacramento State 18-11 before Coach Jim Phelan resorted to an even more drastic measure. He went to the harassing zone press and it startled the Hornets enough to make them give ground. The teams finished in a 55-55 tie, and two free throws by Dick Talley and one by Pfeiffer in overtime gave the Mounties a 58-57 victory and their first NCAA small-college title. "We don't play great," explained Phelan, "just steady."

In Kansas City, the most intriguing sight for the 7,700 who turned up for the NAIA final was Prairie View A&M's 6-foot-8 Zelazo Beatty, a robust 230-pounder who had led the Panthers through the early rounds. Wheeling and dealing underneath like a big bear, Beatty had scored 101 points and stepped up 67 rebounds as Prairie View beat Ashland (Ohio) 73-64, Morris Harvey 85-70, Arizona State (Flagstaff) 86-48 and Western Illinois 80-68. Westminster thought it had Beatty cornered in the championship game. They screamed him out underneath and surrounded him with sticky defenders, and he scored only six points in the first half. But Beatty adjusted his position in the second half, scored 22 points and finished with 29 rebounds, and the Panthers beat Westminster for the title 62-53. Coach Leroy Moore had only one complaint about Beatty: "He hasn't learned how to dance yet."

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UP CINCY

Sirs:
Cincy isn't worried (*The Buck's for the Title*, March 12; *The Reds Is Dead*, March 19) You run us down last year, too.

Cecil, Osborn Jr.

Cincinnati

Sirs:

A writer—Roy Cave is the name,
Whose promise for Cincy is shame,
Is proving his lack
Twice picking the Bucks,
Or perhaps he's more hopeful than sane.
The Bearcats' record last year of "the best college basketball team of all time," to quote Mr. Cave, has hardly influenced his powers of prognostication. His analysis of this year's tournament was simplified by "safe" and "logical" choices, but ignored two aphorisms—namely, that the "best" team is not forever victorious, and that the champion is usually backed until he loses.

ROGER O. MOORE

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Some people never learn.

ROBIN MEYER

Cincinnati

Sirs:

The Bearcats of Cincinnati will speak for themselves with a victory.

JOHN R. MICHELL

Cincinnati

Sirs:

So what else is new?

GARY NUHN

Blanchester, Ohio

ON BENDED KNEE

Sirs:

My torn cartilage and torn ligament and scarred knees would like to thank Professor Klein for attempting to save the knees of America (*The Knee Is Not for Bending*, March 12).

BILLY LUDEL

Fresh Meadows, N.Y.

Sirs:

Duck waddle as an exercise may be disastrous to a footballer's knee, but as a test it is often of diagnostic value.

If you can do an easy, comfortable duck waddle, be assured your medial knee cartilages are in good condition.

HAROLD M. CHILDRESS, M.D.

Jamestown, N.Y.

Sirs:

I wish to challenge Professor Klein with my knees. I am a strict advocate of the deep knee bend, even with heavy weights. I have lived on squats for about three years, and have yet to suffer any knee ailments. I have never worn any kind of knee bandage, nor ever been slowed by a strained knee.

JOHNNY MEANS

South Charleston, W. Va.

REASONED REBUTTAL

Sirs:

Your article commending the "thoughtful" case for the AAU presented by Mr. John B. Kelly (Scorecard, March 12) deserves an answer, if only to present to your readers a more complete picture of the controversy.

You say that "the conflict has degenerated from reasoned argument to vituperation." It should have been pointed out that at no time has the NCAA (or the National Collegiate Track Coaches Association) indulged in personalities or vituperation. The talk about "power grab" and "disgruntled coaches" has come only from the AAU.

One point made by Mr. Kelly in his "reasoned argument" is that "the AAU can operate on less than \$175,000 a year, but the many federations that would strip it of power probably would need more than \$75,000 each." I'm afraid that Mr. Kelly is thinking of the well-paid "amateurs" in the AAU and not of the "mercenary" professional coaches who give freely of their time and effort without any compensation whatsoever.

Here is what the Track Coaches Association accomplishes on a budget of about \$4,000 per year: 1) We send to each of our 900 members a membership card and a decal for his car. 2) Each member receives a year's subscription to *Track and Field News*. 3) We conduct two major clinics each year where new ideas and techniques are discussed. We usually have from 200 to 300 coaches in attendance at these clinics. 4) Each member receives a bound copy of the proceedings of these clinics, with illustrated articles on techniques, training methods and schedules, etc. 5) Members receive advance notices of clinics and meetings and periodic communications to keep them in touch with the work of the association. 6) We issue the official All-America certificates to athletes and certificates of commendation to newspapermen and others who have helped to promote our sport.

All this we accomplish on something

less than \$4,000 per year; \$75,000 indeed, Mr. Kelly.

PHIL DIAMOND

Secretary-Treasurer NCTCA

Ann Arbor, Mich.

POISONED IVY

Sirs:

After reading your letters to the editor entitled "Flyman's Week" (19th Hole, March 12), we at Dartmouth feel obliged to ask equal time. After all, we've lost only to St. John's, La Salle, Manhattan, Loyola and nine other teams, twice to five of them. Our Ivy League record of 3-11 places us among the top seven teams in the league, and against La Salle in Madison Square Garden we actually were leading at one point, only to blow the game in the final seconds, 87-60.

PAUL S. FEINBERG

Hanover, N.H.

ROADSTERS

Sirs:

Dolly Connelly has pointed out many aspects of life on the Alaska Highway that were as true 20 years ago as they are today (*Challenge of the Adventure Road*, March 12). I was disappointed, however, that she made no mention of the Peace River, which is the main point of interest between Dawson Creek and Fort Nelson.

It was exactly 20 years ago that the 74th Engineer Light Ponton Company, of which I was a member, left Fort Riley, Kansas for service on the Adventure Road. We arrived in Dawson Creek on March 14, one day after the first unit arrived for duty in the southern sector of the highway. Our convoys initially crossed the Peace on planks laid on the ice.

continued



PONTON BRIDGE ON PEACE RIVER



SEE THE

White Stag

SAILING COLLECTION
(shown in the center section of this issue) at these fine stores!

ALABAMA	Loveland's
Albuquerque	C. J. Gentry & Co.
Albany	
CALIFORNIA	Desmond's
Albany	
Albany	Daly Bros.
Albany	Wheatstock-Lotter & Co.
Albany	Mar. Co.
ALASKA	
ANCHORAGE	Max-De-P.
ANCHORAGE	The D. M. Reed Co.
ANCHORAGE	C. P. & Co.
ANCHORAGE	The Edward Miller Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Heik's
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	C. C. Anderson
ANCHORAGE	Carson-Tule South
ANCHORAGE	P. J. & Co.
ANCHORAGE	D. J. Stewart & Co.
ANCHORAGE	Myers Bros.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	L. S. Ayres & Co.
ANCHORAGE	Younger Bros., Inc.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Boyd's
ANCHORAGE	D. H. Brown
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Mohr's & Blum Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Albert Steiner Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Smith Brothers Co.
ANCHORAGE	Harper's
ANCHORAGE	McIntosh's
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Wm. C. Wooten Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	The Dayton Co.
ANCHORAGE	Dayton & Wooten Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Max's & Kanga City
ANCHORAGE	Furness-Bair Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	J. L. Brundson & Sons
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Steinbach Co.
ANCHORAGE	L. D. Barlow & Co.
ANCHORAGE	Topp's
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Abraham & Struss
ANCHORAGE	The Watson-Rogers Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Spies, Longley & Co.
ANCHORAGE	Flah & Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Ben Ma the
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Polder's
ANCHORAGE	Muller & Carver
ANCHORAGE	The Hudson Co.
ANCHORAGE	F. R. Lashburn Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	LaSalle & Koch Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	John A. Brown Co.
ANCHORAGE	Vanderwee
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Ben Starch-Bureau
ANCHORAGE	Melen & Frank Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Howe Bros.
ANCHORAGE	Bois Dry Goods Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Gladings
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Bell's
ANCHORAGE	Myers Arnold Co.
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	Sanger-Herbert
ANCHORAGE	H. & Co.
ANCHORAGE	Fisher's
ANCHORAGE	Jacobs
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	ECMI
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	The Crescent
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	W. J. Boydell's
ANCHORAGE	
ANCHORAGE	The Boston Store
ANCHORAGE	Ed Schramm & Co., Inc.

19TH HOLE continued

and later on a stern-wheel ferry. The ferry carried all supplies across the Peace River destined for points north during the navigable months until the bridge shown in the enclosed snapshot (see page 75) was put into operation.

GORDON S. TERRY, JR.

Brockport, N. Y.

Sirs:

This was an Adventure Road for me, too. During the summer of 1946 I set out on a backhiking trip that took me from Hartford, Conn., to Niagara Falls, across upper Ontario, through Winnipeg, through Yellowstone, Grand Teton, Glacier, Waterton lakes and Banff national parks.

At Edmonton, Alberta I was quickly shown out of the Canadian government office when I asked permission to travel the Road. Apparently only people who were planning to settle in Alaska were being allowed to travel over this route. And, too, these people were required to carry all sorts of emergency equipment. When an American Army sergeant on an Edmonton street told me there wasn't one chance in 10 million of getting through, my mind was made up.

I left Dawson Creek with two small cans of hash, a can of stew, a half-pound of cheese and a few round slices of Swedish hard bread. By considerable good luck I was forewarned before reaching each of the six police checkpoints, whereupon I left my rifle, shouldered my pack and took to the woods and circled the building. As it was usually evening by that time, I made my simple camp and slept. The next day it might be 1 p.m. before the first car, going either way, appeared. I was gratified that everyone stopped to see if everything was all right with me. Traffic on the Alaska Highway was about five to 10 cars per 24-hour period.

I remember Trapper Kaute Hillgren on a northernmost British Columbia and I remember Mrs. McIntosh at her trading post at Mile 1019. And I remember most of all the isolation. There were stretches of that magnificent road where one traveled for 300 miles between habitation of any kind.

PAUL J. BUCHER

Clearwater, Fla.

NO PERCENTAGE

Sirs:

In your analysis of the Liston-Patterson fight negotiations you stated that I stand to receive 10% of Liston's score (SCORECARD, March 12). This is untrue. I am a lawyer only. I will present a fee for my services, but that is all.

MORTON WILKIN

Philadelphia

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED regrets the error and the awkward position in which it placed Mr. Wilkin.—ED

O'MALLEY'S ANGELS

Sirs:

In your two-page spread showing two helicopters hovering over the unfinished playing surface of Mr. O'Malley's new baseball park in Chavez Ravine (Time of High Promise, March 5), you missed a point of interest to many thousands of recently won Los Angeles baseball fans. The helicopters pictured were furnished by Los Angeles Angels' Owners Gene Autry and Bob Reynolds.

HARRY J. HUTCHINS

North Hollywood, Calif.

IS TO GO

Sirs:

In SCORECARD (Feb. 26) you advocated strong laws against bribery and acceptance of a bribe in athletic contests. You listed South Carolina as one of 16 states having no such law.

On March 8, 1962 the Governor of South Carolina signed into law an act (H. 2049) to remedy the bribery situation in South Carolina. I certainly hope the other 15 states follow suit soon.

G. F. BOWEN

Columbia, S. C.

POACHED OR FRIED?

Sirs:

Say now, that little story about Poacher Billy Moore was really keen (Pace's Hobby, March 5)? Won't he sure be pulling something over on that old Irish square and the cops, isn't he? How about a story on John Dillinger and how he fooled those old American bankers and cops?

MAX WOODRUFF, MC CORD JR.

Seaside, Tenn.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: Scores Illustrated, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: Charles A. Adams, General Manager. Mail subscription orders, and all correspondence or instructions for change of address—enclosed by address label from current issue of Scores is preferred. In Sports Illustrated Subscription Service, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address: Always send old address label from current issue of Scores and new address with one number (if any). Please allow five weeks for changeover.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: U.S. Canada and U.S. Possessions: 1 yr. \$6.75. All other subscriptions: 1 yr. \$8.00.

Time Inc. also publishes Time, Life, Fortune, Architecture, Fortune, Home & Home and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the financial columns of Time and Life. Chairman of the Board, Andrew H. Harkness. Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Lippson. Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Sullivan. President, James A. Lippson. Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brundage. Senior Vice President, Howard Black. Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Baruch. Vice President, Edgar R. Baker. Vice President, Arnold W. Corban. Allen Gussow. C. D. Jackson. Arthur R. Murphy. Jr. Ralph D. Paine Jr. P. J. Petrucci. William C. Fulton Jr. Counselor and Assistant Secretary, John J. Harbo. Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis. Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gossion Jr.

(continued from front flap of this insert)

published in four separate hard-cover books, including one in Japanese.

* * * * *

And because the country club and its atmosphere are so much a part of what is written in the magazine, and so much involved in the lives of those to whom it is written, they also naturally have become involved in the areas of SI's advertising and merchandising.

Country clubs, after all, are vendors of merchandise in considerable quantities, as many dispensers of apparel, sporting equipment, liquor, etc., have discovered. Even more importantly, the people to whom such merchandise is sold are an extraordinary group, for what the people who belong to country clubs think, do, say, buy and wear has a pervasive and powerful effect on the rest of the U. S. Their acceptance and purchase of a given item carry a cachet which is recognized by the populace at large.

That's why we treasure our documented list of 1600 select clubs and have found it useful for merchandising ventures with advertisers whose products are peculiarly suited to country clubs, i. e., where the promotion effort is of as much value to the club and its members as it is to the SI advertiser.

Several advertisers have done country club promotions with our assistance:



—To help Noxzema get its Shave Cream thoroughly sampled at the country club level, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED devised the novel golf-bag kit you see at the right, filled it with shave bombs and mailed it to 2,000 country clubs.



—For Dial Soap, boxes of large-size bars were sent to a list of country clubs (and resulted in 60 new bulk orders after the usual ordering period).

—That famous sentinel of the country club table, Durkee's Salad Dressing, also benefitted from a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED promotion.

—For Ford, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED produced a million copies of a highly-successful booklet written by Sam Snead and Mickey Wright, which contained highly practical hints on golfing for country club members around the country.

And let me exhort you—promoting and merchandising with sport, country-club-wise or other-wise, is a tested and proven success. If you haven't tried it, don't knock it. You're missing something!

* * * * *

Because of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's close association with country clubs across the land, our Research Department is able to discover the buying habits of those clubs, and of the families who belong to them. Last year, our Research Department sponsored a thorough study of liquor consumption at coun-



try clubs, Alcoholic Beverage Sales in Golf and Country Clubs, which proved of such help to country club managers, our own liquor advertisers and the liquor industry in general that it was awarded the 1961 Edgar award, given each year for outstanding service to the liquor industry.

* * * * *



One of the liquor advertisers currently using SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to reach country club customers (and all others on the non-water wagon) is the Glenmore Distilleries Co. out of Louisville, Kentucky, whose advertisement for Old Thompson you can find on page 47 of this issue. And thereby hangs a cocktail.

Glenmore had a problem which confronts many advertisers who are (1) already running in other magazines (such as Life) whose pages are larger than SI's, (2) want to run SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, (3) have only Life-size plates, and (4) hesitate at the cost of making a whole new set of plates.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has now solved this problem. After various tests with many engravers and printers, we have achieved a "conversion" process whereby we can faithfully reproduce other-size four-color advertisements with all the high quality standards of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reproduction—at a fraction of the cost of an original engraving.

The Old Thompson ad is one of the first of these "converted" pages (it's taken from an advertisement which ran in Look, October 10, 1961). Because we were able to do this for Glenmore through the D'Arcy agency, it meant savings for Glenmore and added revenue for us, thanks to our "converter," Joe



Hines (see cut), who besides running (or at least having the run of) Huntington, L. I., is our vaunted Production Manager.

If you would like more information on this "original SPORTS ILLUSTRATED invention," your friendly SPORTS ILLUSTRATED salesman or our friendly Production Manager will be happy to oblige.

Pete Collaway

TONIGHT

AS USUAL

GLENEAGLES CURLING CLUB

WILL PLAY ITS REGULAR WEDNESDAY NIGHT
MATCH. AFTERWARDS THERE WILL BE STORIES
SONGS, SEAGRAM'S V.O. AND LAUGHTER



SEAGRAM'S IMPORTED V.O. A WHISKY OF CHARACTER, BREEDING, GENTILITY
ENDOWED WITH FLAVORFUL LIGHTNESS. KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

You get a lot to like with a

Marlboro

the filter cigarette
with the
unfiltered taste

*Why don't you
settle back
and have a
full-flavored smoke?*



**MIGHTY
GOOD
MAKIN'S**

King-size pack
or Flip-Top box